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FICTION NUMBER

SEPTEMBER

1904



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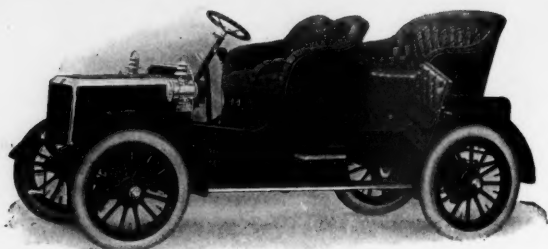


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### THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES

Conan Doyle's new series of detective stories "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," the first eight of which were published in Collier's Household Numbers beginning last October and continuing until May, will be resumed next month. The four stories to come are "The Adventure of the Three Students" (October Household Number), "The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez" (November Household Number), "The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter" (Christmas Number), and "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" (January Household Number).



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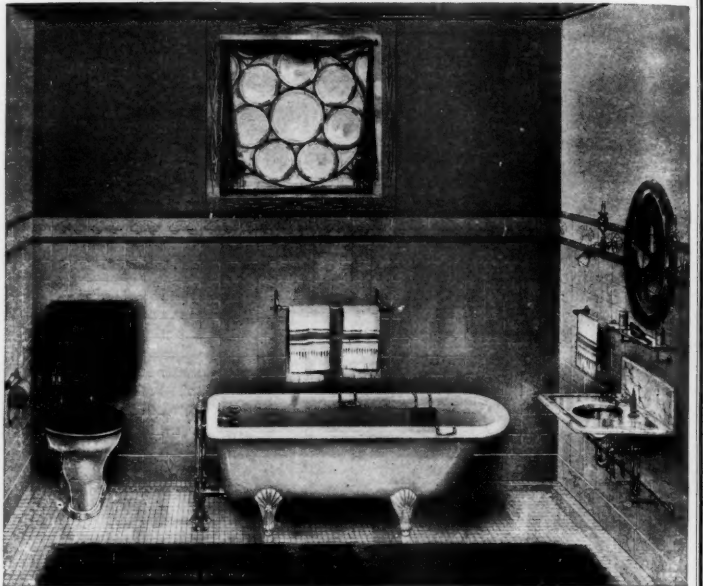
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# COLLIER'S

SEPTEMBER FICTION NUMBER



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE BISHOP OF NEW YORK

The Primate of the Church of England has come to America to attend the great Episcopal Conclave at Boston, early in October, and to lend his influence to the movement calling for a closer unity of the various branches and factions of the Episcopal Church in the United States and Canada



THE PHILIPPINES ARE BECOMING AN ISSUE to about the extent that they were an issue in the campaign of 1901. Judge PARKER has succeeded in bringing them to the front; not exactly interesting people, but leading them at least to argue; which was much what Mr. BRYAN accomplished four years ago. Judge PARKER, to be sure, says exactly what is said by Judge TAFT and Mr. ROOT, the spokesmen of the Administration; but the emphasis is different. The Republican position is to wait until the Filipinos seem to be capable of conducting an orderly government and then giving them the degree of independence possessed by Cuba. The Democrats, stating the same intention, practically promise to do all they can to hurry the date of separation. Judge TAFT wishes the Filipinos to think little about their ultimate independence, and to devote themselves to learning the lessons which are preliminary to self-government. The Democrats would fill them with an eager desire for liberation, thus making independence more imminent and more assured. In some ways the Republicans have treated the Filipinos well. The internal civil administration has been, in most ways, sympathetic and excellent. About

MAKING  
AN ISSUE

the tariff arrangements, however, complaints continue numerous, just, and bitter. Copra, tobacco, sugar, most of the principal industries, are depressed. The business feeling is one of discouragement. For this the Republicans are rightly held responsible. The best thing President ROOSEVELT can do is to say something real on this subject in his letter of acceptance. If we do not wish to let the Philippines go, we might at least promise not to exploit them for the supposed pecuniary welfare of Americans. Whichever candidate promises to do his best to secure absolutely open markets for the Filipinos, as long as we choose to act as their directors, will strengthen his position. The question of the date of self-government is less clear and more artificial. In that question many problems are involved, some of them international. It is likely that, left to themselves, the Philippines would split into contending groups, and either fall into the hands of some power like Japan or Germany, or give us, as arbiter of their foreign relations, a complicated task to keep them out of confusing and dangerous anarchy. It is more important to promise what is clearly just and helpful than to talk more than we really understand about the date at which it will be safe to initiate self-government.

EVERYBODY IS STUDYING JUDGE PARKER; naturally, since, although we are to vote for or against his becoming President, the amount we actually know of him is slight. We seek evidence about his mind and character. Thus far his words have been strongly in favor of purity in politics, which is to his credit, and DAVID B. HILL's announced retirement will help his candidate more than anything else which has thus far happened. Judge PARKER has authorized the republication of a speech made in 1901, in which he lays much stress upon the value of independent and high ideals. He has commented with earnestness upon the text from MOORE:

"To place and power all public spirit tends;  
In place and power all public spirit ends."

The more strongly he speaks upon this theme the better. It will make it easier for him, if he is elected, to appoint to office men who will be displeasing to Mr. HILL and to Messrs. BELMONT, SHEEHAN, MCCARREN, and TAGGART. Nearly twenty years ago the New York "Times" contained this telegram from Albany: "The work of rewarding the faithful Democrats and carrying out the deals made in the late campaign has begun. To-day Governor HILL appointed Surrogate ALTON B. PARKER of Kingston Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge WESTBROOK. Mr. PARKER is chairman of the present Democratic State Committee, and it is generally understood that his promotion is a reward for successfully managing the Democratic machine this fall." The "Herald" said that the appointment had been improperly deferred, in order that it might be given to "the man who had been foremost among his political workers, and who, while holding the position of Surrogate, whose duties are essentially judicial, devoted himself throughout the campaign to partisan work." The "Sun" said that such an appointment was going too far. "It is hardly to be supposed that he will desire to have services so distinctly political recognized by appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court." Nevertheless, Mr. PARKER has made a judge of integrity and respectable ability. Nobody calls him a great judge, and nobody calls him a poor one. If

STUDYING  
JUDGE PARKER

he were President the outcome might be the same. Much would depend upon the men by whom he was surrounded. Particularly welcome, therefore, is Mr. HILL's announcement, as well as any statements from Judge PARKER about the relation of the unscrupulous class of politicians to the welfare of the country. It would have been even better had Mr. Hill named an earlier date than January for the cessation of his influence.

ONE THING INTERESTS US which some might deem of trifling importance. "There are exceptions to the rule," says Judge PARKER, "but they tend to prove it, as exceptions usually do." Now, when we are taking the intellectual measure of a man, the solemn emission of a phrase utterly void of sense is not without significance. Mr. ROOSEVELT has made many empty, commonplace, and noisy allegations. We do not happen to remember any which were purely unintelligible. The Judge's sentences, as a rule, are like those of GROVER CLEVELAND, ponderous but possible to comprehend. We are very far from judging a politician by his style, especially just now, while we are haunted by the fear, in view of some of JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS's recent lucubrations, that his culture may have led us to overestimate his size. Style, however, is not the point in this quotation. It is a question of thought. If it were not presumptuous we should ask Judge PARKER if he could find in that sentence one scintilla of meaning. Would he go so far as to say that the greater the number of exceptions the sounder the rule? "BROWN never steals." How many exceptions are needed to fortify BROWN's rule of conduct? Never was a more vacuous phrase. Judge PARKER, being a lawyer, should know how such a sentence ever got into common speech. We repeat the explanation for his benefit. In the Scotch law "exceptio probat regulam" means "the lawyer's exception tests the judge's ruling." "Proves" was frequently used in the sense of tests, and hence there was nothing unnatural in the English form. What is the fair inference from such foggy thinking? The explanation would give us satisfaction.

ABOUT CLEAR  
THINKING

THE MOST FAMOUS DIATRIBES in history were penned by the most emphatic of historians. There have been Philippics as intense as some of MACAULAY's condemnations, but CICERO's oration against CATILINE, for example, would hardly fit neatly into the heading diatribe. When Mr. ROOSEVELT was on the Police Board in New York nothing short of MACAULAY at his most ferocious was capable of expressing the ardor of his emotions at the way his efforts were distorted in yellow newspapers. Among passages which Mr. ROOSEVELT quoted was this notorious allegation against BARÈRE: "In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies, and such lies! A man who has never been in the tropics does not know what a thunderstorm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has a faint idea of a cataract, and he who has not read BARÈRE's 'Memoirs' may be said not to know what it is to lie." The Police Commissioner then proceeds to apply his quotation thus: "Of course, when MACAULAY wrote thus of BARÈRE's pre-eminence in his class, Mr. PULITZER had not been born." That dear old style of rhetoric languishes in the present campaign. Only personalities or great issues make us sufficiently hot. There are no issues of importance, and Mr. ROOSEVELT's silence and Judge PARKER's neutral tints diminish the temptations to excitement. Some of us wish it were possible for both sides to be defeated, one side because it needs discipline and the other because it stands for nothing. By Mr. ROOSEVELT some of us are irritated only less, or more, than we are bored by Judge PARKER; but we don't wish to vote on a choice between ennui and annoyance. It is the dullest campaign in many years, but not the less useful for all that. Indeed, the dulness is an excellent infliction. It forces us to substitute reflection for diversion, and to vote judicially instead of in a pet.

WHY IT IS  
SO DULL

DEVICES FOR ENJOYING VEGETABLES, and for disguising them as meat, have increased greatly of recent years, and since beef prices have been so high there has been a perfect swarm of arguments against carnivorous diet. It is now alleged that meat causes appendicitis. Japanese efficiency is traced to rice, but so is beri-beri. The merits of vegetables and the faults of flesh have been exaggerated, but to an end which is reasonable. The fox in the fable has been harshly dealt with. Treating the grapes as





sour was the wisest course that an ordinary fox or man could take. It would be magnificent to admit that the grapes were good, and to smile at the fate which put them out of reach, but so high a kind of thought is rare in any animal. As to meat, there is some authority in history and literature for treating it with contempt. The poor man's freedom from melancholy has been ascribed to the fact that he "all the year eats neither partridge nor quail,

#### THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

but sets up his rest and makes up his feast, with a crust of brown bread and a pot of good ale." And PLINY says that "this huddling of many meats one upon another is pestiferous." Meat used often to be called choleric, and the saints seldom ate it. These things we remember while the cost of Chicago beef remains an outrage. In happier days, when beef trusts and strikes are obsolete, we shall read history and life from a different angle. Like BYRON, we shall hold that "man is a carnivorous production," whose "anatomical construction bears vegetables in a grumbling way." Most of all, our sympathy will go out to BURNS, when he sings:

"Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat;  
Sae let the Lord be thankit."

THERE ARE PEOPLES IN THE WORLD who have come in contact with various strong races for several thousand years, and remain unchanged. Such are the gypsies, and the Fellahs of Egypt. Facts like these make us pause in the natural belief that the world, with its increasing communication, will reach a uniform civilization. When we read that the Japanese have a longer infancy than we, that the growth of their brain is slower, that the weight of the adult brain is greater in proportion to the body, we remember that some differences lie beyond association and influence. Japanese women do not have the nervous troubles of ours. Is it due to their habits of life, mode of thought, or something deeper in the stock from which they spring? Considerations which were filling the press of European nations half a dozen years ago with essays on Anglo-Saxon superiority are now upon us from a new point in the horizon. Will Western

#### DIFFERENCES IN RACE

nations be able to apply in practice what they are learning from the Japanese military efficiency? The Duke of WELLINGTON thought that armies should be composed of ruffians. His principles hold, to a certain extent, in England to-day; the bulk of the soldiers come from the slums. Japan's population is agricultural and her best citizens are soldiers. Comparing her performances with British records in South Africa is unflattering either to the British system or the British stock. Military countries all over the world will give very serious consideration to certain striking characteristics of the Japanese system, such as its extreme democracy, and its freedom from every kind of graft and pull. It will be necessary to decide what results are due to intelligent methods and what are due to the national enthusiasm of a fighting race. Methods we can copy. Possibly greater racial fitness for war, or other struggles in the future, is one of those bogies that are thus far sufficiently remote and vague to furnish agreeable occupation to the contemplative mind.

ONE LESSON CAN HARDLY FAIL to be drawn from the present war, and it is one that will affect favorably all departments of the countries in which it is taken to heart. Disinterested attention to efficiency, without regard to the privileges and spoils of classes and individuals, will be increased, and when purity is taken seriously in one department of life it will easily spread to others. The spirit of Japan, in all departments of her public service, has an amusing contrast in her neighbor, China, where grafting has become so excessive that the Emperor has

#### THE WORTH OF PURITY

lately promulgated an edict against it. He states that the money raised for him for public purposes never reaches him, but is appropriated by the nobles in transit. Everybody is ordered to reform, and to practice the necessary conditions of reform, such as frugality and economy. "Let the Princes and Ministers set aside feelings of social friendship and cease entertaining; let them rid themselves of officers with sinecures, in order that their savings may increase." Reform in China, however, is an idea which contributes little except gayety to the world. China, from the point of view of integrity in the public service, is at one extreme, while Japan is at the other. Our war with Spain brought out the extent to which the power of our opponent had been wasted by cor-

ruption, and when more is known about the present combat Russian jobbery is likely to seem a conspicuous element of weakness. In the war against the Boers Lord KITCHENER seemed an exception among Englishmen because he did not look upon the army as a piece of public pie. It is impossible for English society to treat civil office as a dish of plums without applying the same method to military positions. King EDWARD's abolition of the fee system for honors is an important step ahead. Our trouble, here at home, is most conspicuous in city, State, and national politics; but it is all one thing, and it is just as essential to our lasting strength and welfare to care for the strictness of our standards and the purity of our ideals in choosing aldermen as in promoting soldiers. The mean dishonesty which Pennsylvania politicians have exhibited, in turning the State's agricultural exhibit at St. Louis into a case of private "graft," is something which would not happen in a national exposition in Japan.

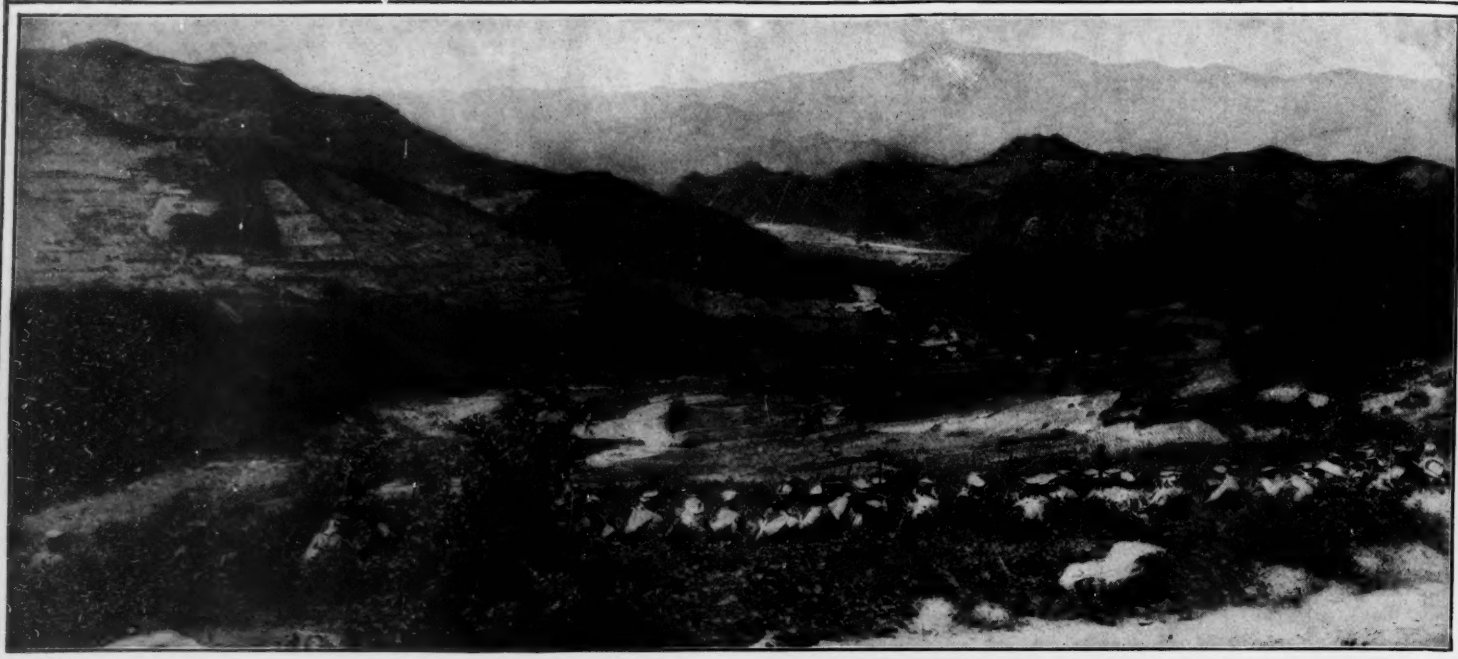
THE TRADE OF KINGSHIP, antiquated at the best, to the verge of ridicule, is baneful and malign as well when the incumbent happens to be a miscreant like LEOPOLD of Belgium. That monarch's maltreatment of the Congo "Free" State, which he conceived and the powers sanctioned, is not only a disgrace to royalty and to him, but also a reproach to the countries whose own troubles make them timorous of intervention. A GLADSTONE in England to-day—a man of spiritual enthusiasm and hatred of oppression joined to great gifts for leadership—would be likely to make LEOPOLD halt in the cruel exploitation which he is indulging against the provisions of a treaty by which he is bound. As we are a party to that treaty, Mr. HAY may some day see the psychological moment for one of his safe and daring interpositions. The author of "Castilian Days" made, by the way, four-and-thirty years ago, some of the justest, warmest, and most graceful comments on the rôle of kings. "Although he was an impotent and shivering idiot, although he could not sleep without a friar in his bed to keep the devils away, for thirty-five years this scarecrow ruled over Spain, and dying made a will whose accomplishment bathed the Peninsula in blood. It must be confessed this institution of monarchy is a luxury that must be paid for." Mr. HAY gives the inspiring contrast: "A glance at the booby face of PHILIP III on his round-bellied charger in the centre of the square will remind us that this place was built at the same time the *Mayflower's* passengers were laying the massive foundations of the great Republic." Modern constitutional monarchy is another story; it is no worse than ludicrous, even if it be more absurd than other human trappings: but a ferocious criminal like LEOPOLD, ravening with absolute power upon his throne, slaying and enslaving thousands in order to fill his pockets with money for dissipated frivolity, is a picture to stir anger in any being for whom justice has a meaning.

#### ROYAL ROBBERY

MR. BALFOUR'S CONTROL of the Conservative majority in England has continued as calmly characteristic of the man as if the American press had not so often explained the necessity for his downfall. Mr. BALFOUR would be capable of risking everything for a principle, if need were, but he knows that tariff questions are mere empirical devices—expedients rather than principles—which can not be reduced to convincing dogmas either by economists or by statesmen. He is an "opportunist" in such a situation as the present fiscal controversy in England, because he is not so built that he has to be dogmatic on a subject in regard to which certainty is difficult for open minds. Mr. BALFOUR, as he develops, becomes more and more like his uncle, in the cool but sure manner in which he keeps step with events. He is more democratic than Lord SALISBURY—more responsive to changes in the spirit of the age. He is not a Conservative after the grante model of his uncle. He is a Conservative only in the sense that he wishes either strong pressure or strong evidence before he takes a step. Even on such a matter as the education law, the quintessence of Tory prejudice, it is probable that the Prime Minister would be glad to take a more liberal position if a favorable opportunity were offered. Even CECIL's change, and Mr. BALFOUR is a much less bigoted CECIL than Lord HUGH, Lord SALISBURY's son. This openness of mind, combined with the ample courage which he has, makes him a worthy leader for a great people; and it is not against his leadership that in the CHAMBERLAIN tariff controversy he holds himself with some reserve until the opposing extremists have measured strength.

#### FEELING HIS WAY

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View from top of the conical hill, showing the valley along which the Japanese drove the Russians. The line of reserves in the foreground have been firing over the heads of their own advance at the enemy on the opposite hills. The battle was in progress when this photograph was taken by James H. Hare, Collier's war photographer

## AND THE JAPANESE KEPT THE PASS

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent accompanying the Japanese First Army

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*Mr. Palmer's account of the first assault on Motienling appeared in Collier's of August 27. This account of the second assault is peculiarly interesting because it tells why the Japanese infantry are able to repulse and pursue superior numbers. The Lord seems no longer to be on the side of big battalions, but rather of intelligent units and masterly organization and tactics such as the Japanese possess*

LIENSHANKWAN, MANCHURIA, July 17

IT IS NOON. The morning's great work is nearly finished. The little infantryman who sprang from his blankets in the night to arms, the charge and the hazard of death, bends his back to the hot sun as he climbs the hills with the zip of bullets in his ears, his temples throbbing, his legs grown laggard from weariness, the voice of hunger bidding him stop while the voice of his officer bids him go on.

The pursued Russian, equally the sport of weariness and fatigue, has a heart of lead. This beaten giant, stupid and soft-muscled, who marched through the darkness confidently to a daylight surprise, now dragging himself wearily over the slopes, has left behind on the ground dedicated to the success of a superior genius he can not comprehend, blanket rolls, intrenching tools, dried clots of blood on the grass, and his dead.

One side prays for more strength to carry his victory home; the other for more strength to assure escape and for time to bring in his wounded. The combat has become the chase of the hare by the fox—tired fox, tired hare, and burning sun! But the fox is not after his dinner. That is in his pannikin.

Where lines of rifles strive with lines of rifles, suspense holds minutes in the balance until they have the weight of days. Now the air is clear and the shimmer of heat waves rises from the valley. The damp and chill early morning when the fog hung long in the lowlands and longer in the high places, seems instead of a few hours away to belong to another season if not another epoch; for we have seen what is a historical triumph to one empire and a historical tragedy to another enacted between breakfast and lunch.

The battle began as soon as the light would allow enemy to distinguish enemy. There is no call like that which dawn sent over the high hills of the divide to Lien-shankwan at their feet. It puts a prickle into the fingers' ends, wine into the veins, and a tempest of restlessness and curiosity into the brain. With batteries passing to the front, with ammunition ponies and stretcher-bearers on the run, with an army in all its carefully adjusted parts responding with nervous alacrity to a sudden summons, with the pounding of distant guns and the crackle of distant rifle-fire whipping our impatience, we foreigners waited outside headquarters for two hours before we were told that we might go.

Of the ride over Motienling, seven miles from the town, I have already written in my account of the Russian attack of July 4. Again the current of all things

flowed toward the front. Except staff officers and orderlies, we passed no one going in the opposite direction until we met a small body of infantrymen coming leisurely back. Each showed somewhere about his upper extremities a patch of white bandage. This man had a hole through his trigger hand; that one a slash in the head where the hair-breadth's variation of a bullet's course would have meant death. In the first general marshaling of casualties the slightly wounded had been dressed and tagged, and sent to the base hospital on their own feet. They had seen the Russians run, they had the honor of a wound, and they might take their time.

When we reached the pass it was deserted and silent. The firing still sounded two or three miles away.

Around the first slope and then up another slope, and then into a valley, and then up another slope we went, and there on the road we saw little sprays of empty cartridge cases gleaming under our horses' feet. These said that the line had gone on; they spoke of victory. A blanket roll which its owner had dropped in his flight told us, too, that the Russians had come at least this far.

Breaking through the underbrush above the road, we tethered our horses. From this eminence we could see a Japanese line on a hill a mile or more away. This we recognized by the glint of the officers' swords. In this clash of modern arms all that we could distinguish faintly—and that through powerful glasses—were some men hugging a hill as if they were trying to keep out of the rain. Their rifles were invisible; there was no smoke, of course. Only by the crackle that came from their direction did we know that they were firing.

At the new temple of Kwantei at the base of the slope were groups of officers of brigade and division staffs; some signal corps men were carrying still another wire across the field from this nerve centre of action.

"To see! To see, and not get killed, and have something worth while for this article!" that was as much the central thought of the correspondent as driving the enemy back had been the central thought of every Japanese from general down, when dawn developed a hostile force in front of the pass.

More firing seemed to come from the left than the right. To our left was the grove surrounding the old temple. So we made in that direction. The blood of a dead Russian whom I passed in the open was already black and dry. In the woods the blood was still wet and red. Running as fast as the Russians had when they fled, Captain March of our army, Captain Vincent of the British, and myself kept on past the temple and followed a path which brought us into the open where we found some protection from the few bullets that came our way.

Above us a company of Japanese in a trench were as industriously at work as the ladies of a sewing circle. At first I could not see their objective, from which probably they had never lifted their sight from the moment they had begun the pursuit; then on a bushy knob I made out the dark gray figures of the mark—not more than a thousand yards away. Below us on the valley road was the deserted limber of some Russian battery which had had no time to spare when the knitting machine in the trench caught men and horses with a plunging fire.

Above the sound of the rifle-fire

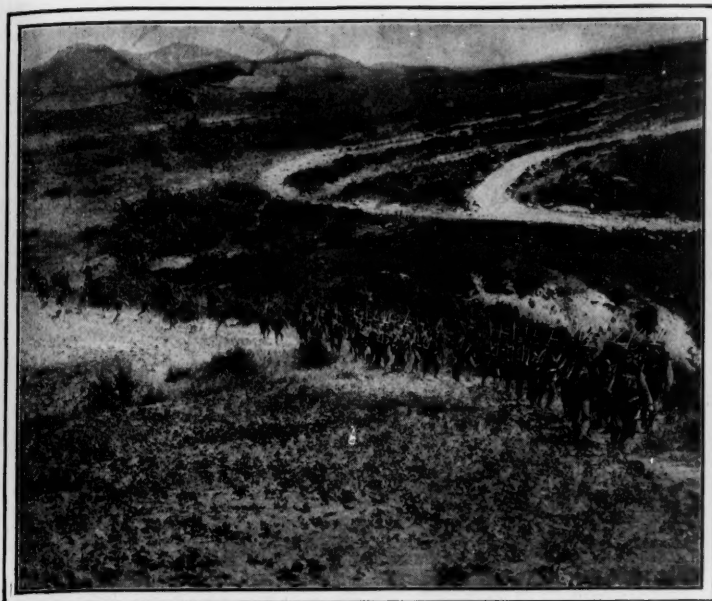
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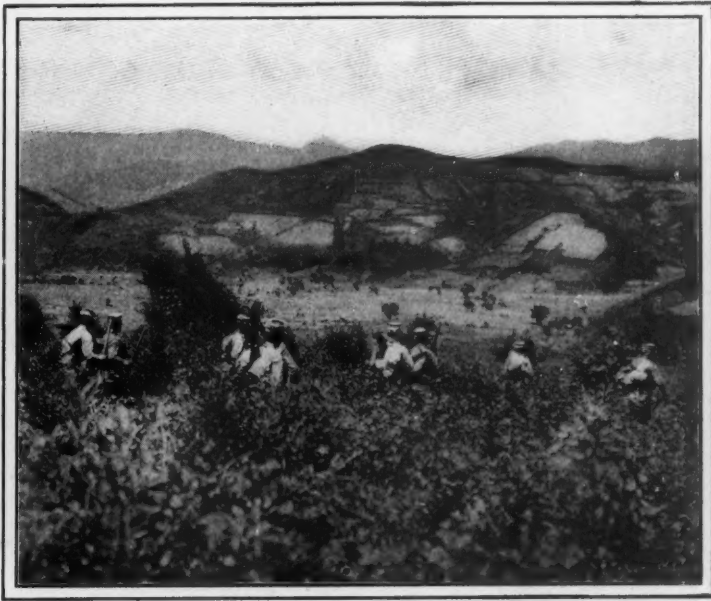
EVIDENCE OF RUSSIAN ATROCITIES

This Japanese soldier, after being shot through the heart, was mutilated by Russian soldiers. Among those who were sent to observe the Russian advance on the occasion of the second attack against Motienling Pass were Lieutenant Seinal Yanagesawa and five soldiers of the 30th Regiment. They made contact with the Russians in the woods near the old Kwantei Temple. Two of the soldiers, Fukusho Yaasawa and Tokichi Nakasawa, were instantly killed by the Russian rifle-fire. Subsequently the Russian line passed over the place where they fell. Later the Japanese recovered this ground. When the bodies of Fukusho and Tokichi were found their heads had been laid open by an axe or an intrenching tool, and the brain matter was falling out. Tokichi had been shot through the aorta and Fukusho through the heart, both dying instantly. These bullet wounds had bled freely. There was no blood from the brain matter, thereby indicating that the blows had been struck after death.





RESERVES COMING UP TO REINFORCE THE FIGHTING LINE



JAPANESE MOVING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH IN OPEN ORDER



GUARDING THE REGIMENTAL FLAG

In the event of a repulse, it is the duty of this trooper to save the colors from capture by the enemy. This stolid trooper was so earnest in the performance of his duty that he did not look up when being photographed



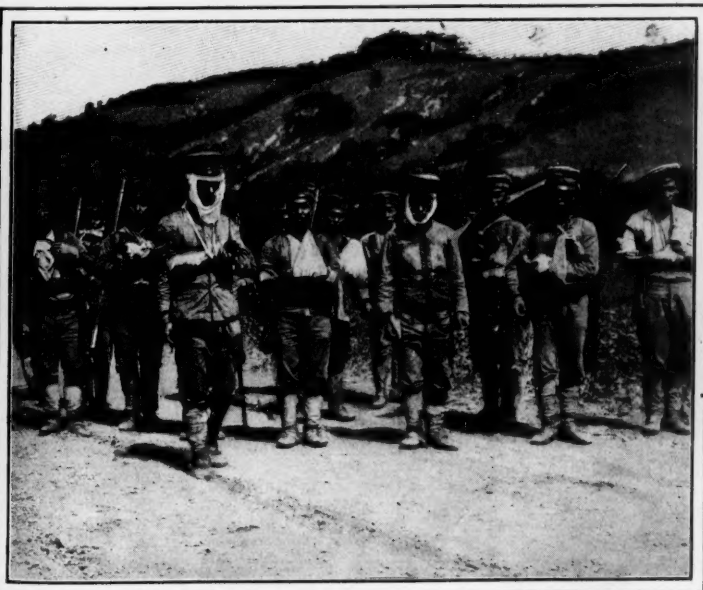
GIVING WATER TO A WOUNDED RUSSIAN

There is no mercy like water to the parched lips of the feverish wounded on the battlefield. On the day of the battle at Motienling Pass the heat was intense and there was little shade to protect those stricken on the field



A PRISONER FROM EUROPEAN RUSSIA

These big fellows had scoffed at the Japs, calling them "Makaki," or dwarfs; but, after meeting them in battle and fleeing before them, they said they were like devils who never wearied of pursuit



SLIGHTLY WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THE WAY TO THE REAR



THE FIELD HOSPITAL: A WOUNDED SOLDIER ON THE OPERATING TABLE

## ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT MOTIENLING PASS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARR, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANYING THE JAPANESE FIRST ARMY. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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## SUPPLYING AMMUNITION TO THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES

This is a remarkable photograph, taken in battle at the Motienling Pass, while the troops were actually under fire from the Russians and firing at their enemy

came the calls of stragglers for their lost companies; and from the ridge on our left came the reassuring answer of companies found. One fine-looking private was about to plunge through the woods toward his comrades, when I looked up to see a bullet nip just in front of his face. He threw back his head with a sudden halt as one does when he enters the wrong room at a hotel. "Oh!" he exclaimed, then straightened up, smiled his Japanese smile and went on. The way in which he and all the others had called signified that they were not stragglers from choice; they were as anxious to "arrive" as a guest who is late to dinner.

The company which was making its way to the top of this ridge lay down on its crest covering our flank. We gave them only an occasional thought and an occasional glance; for the work of the moment was being done on another slope beyond. There the officers' swords heliographed their presence among the trees and bushes at the top, and there I saw the red-sunmed flag of Japan held well out of sight of the enemy. The Russians were on the next ridge, where we saw the spaces between the trees darkened by the movement of an occasional figure. The Japanese, hugging their advantage while they raked the Russians with rifle-fire, directly began to advance by rushes. After a time we noticed some figures on the slope beneath the Russians. It was like fighting from housetop to housetop, and it seemed as if the enemy ought to have picked off our skirmishers one by one. The Japanese made no rigid lines; they were not hidebound by text-book particularities. Yet these were men of the same division that I saw move with such regularity and precision across the sandy river bottom of the Yalu on May 1.

Now they had a wholly different task, and they adapted themselves to it. They had been at home on the river bottom; they seemed a little more at home on the uneven hillside where every inequality speaks a language to the tired man advancing under fire. This dip with its partial cover may save a life; that rise may prove to be the skyline of killing accuracy. So the units (under cover of the fire from their support on the ridge at their back), never for a moment losing the aspect of a choate whole, got up the hill with the least exposure possible. A squad or a section seems to have the same tactical sagacity as a company or a battalion. Panther-like, it will creep up till it is on a rise where it will catch the enemy's line at an angle. Smokeless powder is the cover of its cunning. The Russian, easily demoralized, only knows that he is under a flank fire whose source he can not discern, whose amount he usually overestimates.

The whole habit of life of the Japanese at home fits him for this hill work. When he sits he never uses a chair, but squats. Watch a group of staff officers in the opening, and naturally they drop to their haunches and lay the map on the turf. Thus they rest as comfortably as Europeans would in chairs. Lying in a trench, his suppleness enables Nippon Denji to hug the trench closely and thus get a steady aim in a position which is strained and unnatural for the European—especially for Ivan Ivanovitch, the big clumsy Russian. In the field Nippon Denji can drop as easily as a setter dog, and rise with the same spring when he rushes forward for another interval. His stature gives him the favor of mathematical probability; his nimbleness increases this.

The ideal modern soldier would be an acrobatic, highly intelligent pygmy who could shoot accurately and carry his rifle, his rations, and his hundred rounds

of ammunition, and march as fast as the next. When Ivan Ivanovitch—he of the boots, the sloppy trousers, the big blanket roll, and a bucket for a pannikin—lies to take cover, and when he rises to advance it is the effort of a camel with all his equipment hampering him. A hill is a ball under the Japanese gymnast's feet. To the Russian it is a creation of pitfalls and surprises.

Watching the side of the ridge occupied by the Russians we saw the Japanese slowly taking position under cover of the furrow at the edge of a field of plowed ground. The flag was not with them. In the old days of shock tactics the troops of a unit guided on their colors. Modern armies may not have this any more than the beating of drums to inspire them. To-day the flag is useful only to fling to the breeze as a signal of the occupation of an enemy's position—a signal to the general and to the gunners. At other times, unless you want to draw fire, it is best tied up in its oilcloth case. The color-bearer, who had shaken out his precious emblem a little below the crest of the hill when it had been taken, now rolled it up and started to follow the advance through the gully to the ridge beyond.

Our little veterans in the trench over our heads had ceased firing. As we passed them in search of higher ground for our citadel of observation, they were sitting about as comfortably as they would on their mats at home, eating their rice, their dried fish, and their tinned meat out of their pannikins. Their wounded had been carried away. Their rifles, which lay on the parapet among the piles of empty cartridge cases, looked inno-

cent of the mortal stings, carrying two thousand five hundred yards, which each holds in its venom chamber.

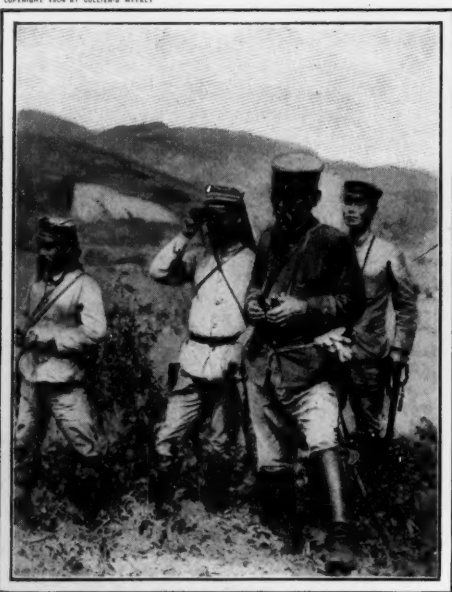
This trench is worth noting. Twice the Russians have had it and twice the Japanese have sent them back neck and crop. At the edge of the temple grove, where the road takes the slope, it commands the long valley of Toman as the western steps of the Capitol command Pennsylvania Avenue. But the trench was of value only on the Japanese side. For the Russians it looked into the edge of the woods. On both occasions the Japanese had only a picket and an outpost beyond the old temple. The trench was built for use when the reserves should come up to the assistance of the outpost. This time, as before, the Japanese pursuit tumbled into its lap and swept with their fire the enemy's flight before them. Our little men seemed well pleased with their morning's work. They had a good appetite for their wholesome meal.

Now, as I have written in my account of the action of July 4, the Peking Road, after leaving the pass of Motien proper, winds over the shelving hills till it descends in front of the grove of the old temple to the valley of Toman, precisely the kind of valley which would be illustrated in a physical geography. It is a trough between hills. To the north of the trench—on the other side of the apron-like entrance to the valley—is a conical hill, which is a better place to see from than to fight from. Here we looked down upon the finish of the morning's fray; here, at noon, we saw the Russian saving what he could out of the wreck of the morning's hazard.

On the road at our feet stood the abandoned limber. Beside it I now noticed a dead horse, which was explanatory. No living thing had yet approached that spot where the drivers and gunners had cut their ammunition adrift in order to save their piece. Further on was the carcass of another dead horse—perhaps from the same team. While the hills teemed with human ants, that road was a brown, dusty, abandoned streak. To appear on it was to be seen by thousands of riflemen. The beaten highway in a mountainous country had become the one place that everybody avoided. It was the street (with spectators on either side) swept clean before the procession came along—only the passing hero here would have been pelted with something harder than rose petals.

On our right of the road, on the side of a high and gradual slope of plowed ground, were two Russian companies in retreat. They moved in two groups—their intervals those of tired men who want air on a hot day. They might have been a leg-weary party of excursionists leisurely climbing a height to get a view of a town who were already fervently wishing that they were back at their hotel. They were not turning to fire; they were simply getting away—getting away in flocks, watched by their shepherds, the officers, in the days of long-range rifles and smokeless powder. They did not go fast in order to economize human life; that would not have been brave. Also, that might have demoralized these grown-up children of the Czar, who would have kept on running each for himself. Their gray blanket rolls, their black breeches, made them as fair marks as black ducks on a pond. While the Russian support was on the crest of the ridge above the retreating groups, on the first crest this way were the Japanese. You recognized their position still by the twinkle of the officers' swords in the sunlight. That sword is the Japanese officer's weakness; he will carry it; he comes of a race of swordsmen. (Continued on page 21.)

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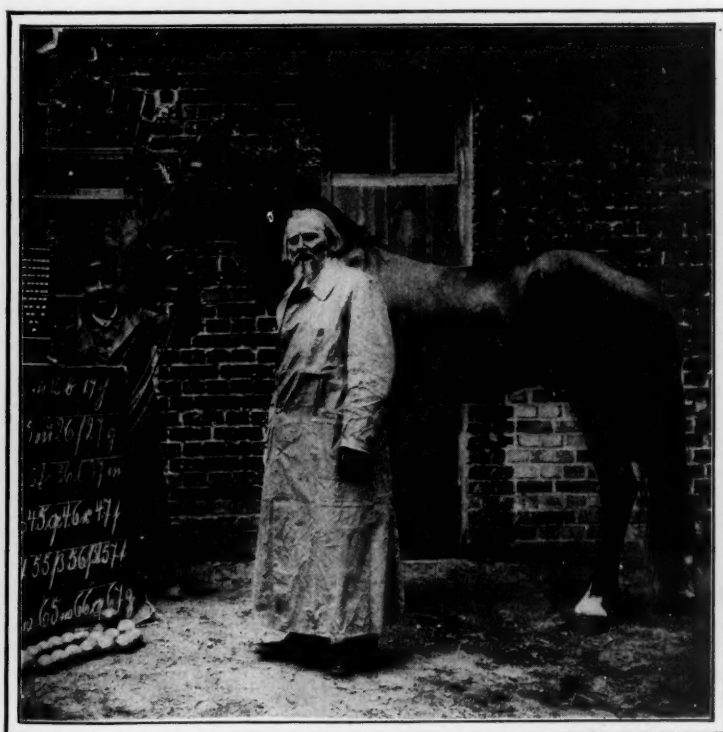
Colonel Baba of the 30th Regiment, and officers of his staff, watching his men in pursuit of the Russians. Both in the attack of July 4 and that of July 17, Colonel Baba's regiment was on guard at the Pass





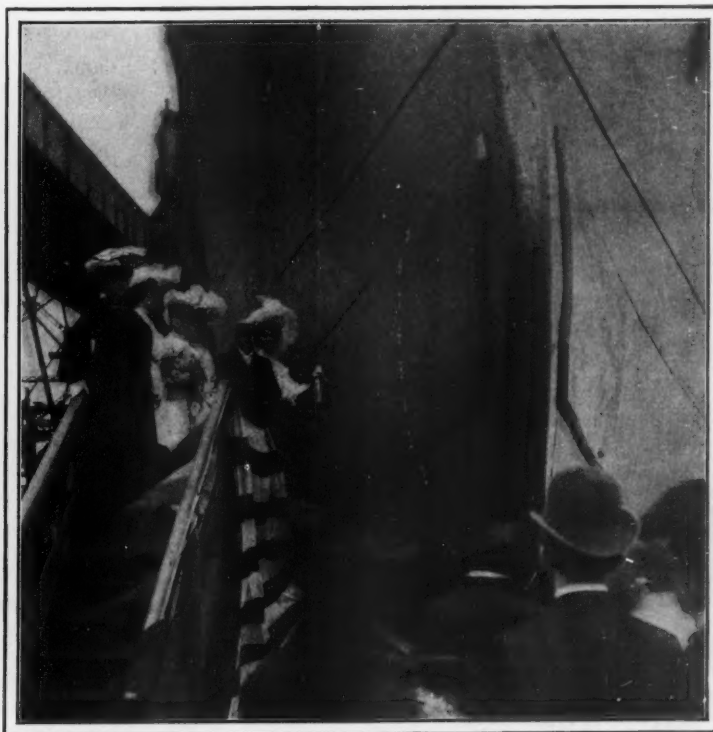
THE WRECKED MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

On August 20, a terrific wind storm swept the central eastern part of the State of Minnesota, destroying forests, shattering houses, and killing cattle. At St. Paul the wind reached such a fury as to completely wreck a slender steel-construction bridge spanning the Mississippi River



HANS, THE GREAT HORSE PRODIGY OF GERMANY

German scientists of repute have declared that this remarkable animal is a marvel without precedent and a rational thinking creature.—See Page 24



CHRISTENING THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "LOUISIANA"

This is the largest battleship afloat, and was successfully launched at Newport News on August 27, Miss LaLande acting as the ship's sponsor



Men, women, and children were lifted up in the air as if they were bound to the fishing lines. Some hung limply; others beat at them with their hands, and could not draw away again

# Out of the Deep

*A Story of the Future, telling of a Great Pest of Sea Monsters which rise up out of the Ocean, overwhelm all Europe, and attempt to annihilate the Human Race*

BY OWEN OLIVER

Author of "In His Private Capacity," "Young Briggs' Sister," Etc.

Illustrated by F. M. DuMond

THE *Adolf Karl* brought the first news of the evil that had come upon the earth. She was a Norwegian timber ship, and a coal brig running from Newcastle found her waterlogged in the North Sea, and towed her to port. There were only two tall, light-haired sailors left alive. The older man said one phrase over and over again and nothing else: "Fishes—fishes—O Lord, the devils of fishes!" The younger sailor kept laughing and sobbing, and clasping and unclasping his hands for hours after he came ashore, but by degrees they got a rambling narrative from him. He said that a great company of big fishes had come out of the sea in flying machines, and taken and eaten the rest of the crew; but he and the other man had hidden under an old sail. The sea-devils, as he called them, had pulled up the decks and torn open the store-houses, and eaten all the food aboard except a few fragments of biscuit. He and the other man had lived on these for two days, till they were rescued. He shivered and clung to those around him whenever he saw a bird flying in the air, thinking it was a sea-devil afar.

The old-fashioned papers ignored the wild story, and merely said that the men had lost their reason through their privations, but the half-penny papers happened to be short of news. So they expanded it into two or three columns, with glaring headlines. They pointed out also that three other ships reported having seen afar "enormous flocks of enormous birds," and that nearly twenty vessels were overdue at East Coast ports. This was on Thursday, 26th July, 1906.

On Friday the P. & O. *Alamansar* drove ashore near Plymouth, with the furnaces just burned out. There was no one aboard, and no food except in the refrigerators. Her decks, upper and lower, were burst open. It was noticed that all the planks were broken upward.

A question upon the subject was put to the Home Secretary in the House of Commons that night, but the Home Secretary considered that the matter came within the province of his right honorable friend the First Lord of the Admiralty, and his right honorable friend had "no official knowledge of the matter."

On Saturday morning the *Maplin Castle* came in at Southampton with only a third of her passengers and a fifth of her crew remaining. They told a plainer tale.

They were nearly two days out from Madeira, they said, and two from home, when what appeared to be a cloud of remarkable blackness and size was observed ahead. The Captain, who had been forty years at sea, had never seen anything like it, and feared a hurricane.

In about half an hour it was close upon them, and looked more like an incredibly great swarm of large blackbirds.

At this time a multitude of huge fishes, with six wings, three on each side, began to show themselves upon the surface of the sea. The cloud proved to be composed of similar monsters flying by machinery, and with a paddle-wheel arrangement revolving with enormous velocity on each side of their heads. Professor Thorne, who was aboard, but did not survive, surmised that these were contrivances for supplying their gills with oxygen from the air, to enable them to breathe in our thin atmosphere.

As they bore upon the ship the fishes in the water rose and joined them. The crew and a few of the male passengers prepared to resist them with hatchets and revolvers. The rest rushed to the companions. While they blocked one another in their struggles to get down, the fishes angled for them with lines which seemed to adhere to whatever they touched. The majority of the passengers were borne shrieking into the air and devoured before the remainder succeeded in closing the entrances. The crew and the bolder passengers who had joined them suffered still more se-

verely. Meanwhile the Captain had ordered full speed ahead, and, as the pace proved too great for the monsters, the vessel ultimately escaped. The third officer brought a piece of one of the "fishing-rods," which was broken in a door when it was closed. Major Dunne shot its owner in several places, and the beastly creature fell upon the deck, but two other "fish-devils" had carried it away. The rod was made of a curious, flexible metal, unknown to science, but akin to iron. It was apparently used to transmit some attractive force, for it had no adhesiveness in itself.

A dozen torpedo-boat destroyers were at once sent out to scour the sea. Two only returned. The *Leopard* reported having put a herd of some five thousand sea-devils to flight with its quick-firing guns as they were rising from the sea. The *Myra* had been attacked by a multitude flying overhead, and half the crew, including the commander, seized and devoured, but ultimately escaped by its speed. Portions of the deck and bulwarks had been torn away by the fishing-rods.

The *Myra* returned on Monday, 30th July. On the next day cablegrams reached England that several villages on the Bay of Biscay had been attacked by the sea-devils, and nearly all the inhabitants carried off. The following morning Lisbon and several other Portuguese and French ports were reported devastated. The evening papers had huge placards:

**BRIGHTON, HASTINGS, AND PLYMOUTH  
ATTACKED BY SEA-DEVILS!**

**CHANNEL FLEET DESTROYED!**

**INDIA AND CHINA INVADED!**

After that there were no newspapers.

A continuous service of trains was run night and day from the southern coast to London, and trains left London every few minutes for the Midlands, with every carriage and truck carrying double its proper number. Seats were booked for a week ahead. It was understood that millions of monsters were making their way slowly to London, clearing out every town and village as they came. People who could not get in the trains left in carts or on foot.

The Government sent officers down to the coast to report, but none returned, and telegraphic communication was rare. Wires came, however, to say that the monsters were approaching from Hythe, Chatham, and Ashford. It was pretty well established that all the towns on the south coast were destroyed, and some on the east, and in the north of Scotland, and there was an authenticated statement that a cargo of refugees had arrived from Holland and stated that the country was completely wiped out. We knew these things from "town criers" sent round by the Home Office. They ceased to come round on August 8.

The next morning I walked along the Strand, and saw two shops open and counted eighteen people. The busses and cabs had long since departed with passengers inland. I stayed in town myself because I had no money and could live gratis at the deserted restaurants. In one of them I met a slight, ladylike girl. She had no money either, she said, and no friends in town, and she was very frightened. We kept together afterward. Her name was Elsie, and she was twenty-two. She had been a typewriter before business stopped. We joined company with a man and his wife for two days. They had three children, they told us, and had sent them to Derby in a County Council train. The Council ran forty a day, for children only, before the train service ceased. They could not get in the trains themselves, and the woman was weak, and could not walk

far. On the third day the man found a wheelbarrow and took her off in it. We never thought to ask their names.

On the 10th August we met a wild-eyed man running in the Mall. He would hardly stop to speak to us. He had come from Wimbledon, he said, and the air was thick with the sea-devils there. A woman who came on a horse told him that they were breaking open every house systematically, and gathering up the people and cattle. They seized her father just as he had placed her on the horse. Elsie and I decided to go inland on foot the next morning. We had found money in some of the empty houses, and we thought that with that and a bag of provisions we could live on the road.

We slept at the Army and Navy Club that night, as we had done for two days previously. There were five old officers there, but they were hospitable, and placed two rooms at our disposal. They'd never run away from anything yet, they said, and they were too old to learn sense. Four of them played bridge all day, while the fifth, in turn, kept guard at the front door with a revolver to stop the three club servants who remained from flight.

Elsie woke me by banging at my door at about seven o'clock.

"They're coming," she cried. "They're coming—Fred!"

"Run," I shouted. "Don't wait for me. Go up Shaftesbury Avenue. I'll catch you."

When I had dressed, however, I found her waiting outside the door, and when I reproached her she smiled and tucked her arm in mine.

"I thought we'd make a better dish together," she said with a little laugh—and a little shudder.

The veterans were growling in the front hall because the cook had escaped out of a window. We advised them to fly, but they said they might as well be eaten if they would get nothing decent to eat, and they were going to stop and have a final hand of bridge. So we left them.

We had intended going north, but there were black objects in the sky in that direction. So we made for Charing Cross. The morning was exceedingly dull. It was probably raining, but I do not remember.

When we came to Trafalgar Square we found that the black things were converging upon it from every point of the compass, and driving in the remnants of humanity from the outskirts of London. There were more left than I thought, perhaps five thousand in all. A shrieking mob was rushing up Whitehall, and another along Northumberland Avenue, and another down the Strand, and another down St. Martin's Lane. In the air behind each crowd and from every other direction came troops of the sea-devils. The foremost were so near that we could hear their breathing-wheels and distinguish a white line of teeth in their heads. We stood still and gazed helplessly at them.

"It is the end," Elsie said. "You—you have been good to me, Fred." She touched my shoulder softly with the side of her head. It is strange, the power of little things—an old phrase—a glance—the breath of a woman's hair. If she had not done that I should have stood rooted there till we were taken. As it was, I caught her by the arm and pulled her along.

"The National Gallery," I cried. "They may want to preserve it as a memorial of our art—who knows?" I chuckled a metallic chuckle. "Run!"

We knew that a lower door was open, as we had been in there the day before. We reached it just as the fore-runners of the crowds came to the Square. There was a dark shadow over the doorway—the shadow of an overhanging monster. Its wings were making a slow, flapping clatter as it descended, and the whirr of its



breathing-wheels was loud in our ears. Elsie gasped and staggered. I seized her in one arm and carried her to the door and fumbled at it. It was perhaps two seconds before I turned the handle the right way. It seemed hours. My teeth chattered, and my hands trembled so that I could scarcely fasten the door.

We wandered aimlessly through the galleries and tried to talk about the pictures, but our words broke off in the middle. At last we stood still, holding one another's hands. Elsie's face was ashy white, and I felt cold and moist and sick.

"We'd better hide in a cellar," I suggested. "They mightn't find us there."

"Anything is better than waiting like this," she said suddenly. "Let's look out and see what they are doing."

We found a room at the end of the water-colors, looking into the Square, and, standing in the corner behind a screen, peered round it. Sometimes when I am in the middle of a jest the scene comes back to me and I am struck dumb. Sometimes Elsie will pause in her laughter as she plays with her baby and put her face in her hands, and it is years ago now.

The crowd had huddled together in the Square and the empty basins of the fountains—a sea of white, up-turned faces with the statues in between. A few—very few—were screaming. A few were laughing insanely. Others were contorting their faces horribly. Some had fainted, but still kept their feet, wedged in by the crowd. Most of the women had their heads on men's shoulders. Some held children in their arms.

A guard of the sea-devils had settled on the roadways round the Square. A countless multitude were poised in the air overhead. It was proved afterward that there were some twenty varieties, but they all looked of one devilish pattern—fishes about ninety feet long, with disproportionately large heads and disproportionately short, broad tails. They were covered with blackish-green scales that looked like armor. They had light-green phosphorescent eyes, about twice the bigness of a liner's porthole, and terrible mouths, ten or twelve feet wide, shaped like a shark's, and showing immense jagged teeth. Their scales crackled and rustled as they moved.

The front half of their bodies was girt with a framework of black-gray metal, since called *marium*. It extended along their backs toward the tail, like a skeleton deck. This deck carried three pairs of wings with *marium* ribs, and an inky-black membrane stretched between. The front of the framework supported the breathing-wheels, or artificial gills, as they are accepted to have been. These were composed of concentric circles of a substance now termed *pelagium*, which scientists say is neither metal nor non-metal, but a new class of element. Each circle revolved upon that within it, so that the velocity of the outer circle was enormous. The outermost layer was a soft leathery material which has been named *phloxon*, from its extraordinary powers of drawing the oxygen from the air. The few remains of this, however, were so charred by combustion that nothing definite can be said about it. The "fishing-line" was a thin, flexible, *marium* rod, which operated from the front of the "deck" and was coiled there when not in use. It was about two hundred feet long, and the thickness of a very stout clothesline.

How this machinery was controlled or how it had been made by those creatures, who had no members like our hands, capable of graduated pressure and contact, remains unknown. Most people, however, accept the conjecture of the learned Von Raben, that they manipulated matter by means of what he termed "piscian magnetism"—a force generated by the fishes themselves and which they were able to graduate and control to the finest degree. The experiments upon the scales of the monsters (which ended with his unfortunate death) proved that when electrically stimulated in a certain manner some portions of a scale would attract and others repel, and so work a wire or a thin plate of metal into various shapes—portions being held firmly, while the neighboring parts were driven away; so that each scale was virtually a many-fingered hand.

As we watched the monsters, the long fishing-rods came slowly forth, wavered in the air, dipped among the crowd, that ceased to sway as if fascinated. There was a shriek—shriek upon shriek. Men, women, and children were lifted up in the air as if they were bound to the fishing-lines, though there was no visible means of attachment. Some of them hung limply; others beat at it with their hands—and could not draw them away again. Then it carried them to the sharklike mouth.

Elsie buried her face under my jacket and we shrank behind the screen. The shrieks grew fewer and fewer. Presently they ceased. Then a series of crashes began. I laid Elsie down (she had fainted) and peeped round the screen again. The long metallic lines were tearing out the windows and sides of the houses across the Square by adhering to them and pulling them outward and searching the premises. Now and then one brought out a man or a woman. They would fish for us, I thought, next.

I lifted Elsie up and staggered away to the galleries, till I came to the end room of the Dutch-Flemish school. I pulled a big screen covered with small pictures close to the wall and sat huddled on the floor behind it, with her head on my knee. We were just under a man's portrait by Rembrandt, with a painting of a fish and poultry shop beside it. I have forgotten the name of the painter and I would not for worlds go there again to look. I listened with my ear against the wall for the approach of a clinging line, but I heard nothing. Possibly they wished to preserve some specimens of our art, for throughout the country they did very little damage to churches, museums, or galleries.

A lean, half-starved cat came round the screen and mewed piteously. I screamed aloud at the sound. Then I held my breath, wondering if they had heard. A spider made its way slowly down a cobweb and

dropped on the floor. I could hear it drop, everything was so still. I shook Elsie to try and rouse her, to hear her voice. I half rose to fetch some water to restore her, but sat down again. Her unconsciousness was so merciful! I stroked her face gently. She had been so cheerful and so contented and so kind. Poor little Elsie! There was a sound of distant thunder outside, and a flash of light invaded the darkness. I saw the cat standing there with its back arched. I called to it, "Puss, puss!" There was another flash and rumble. Elsie sighed—turned her face a little closer against my hand—looked up.

"Are—we—dead?" she asked in an awed, halting whisper. "Dead?"

I told her briefly what had happened. She was silent till another flash startled her.

"I thought they were coming," she whispered. "If they took us it would be over. I must look what they are doing. I must!"

"Very well," I agreed dully. It did not much matter, I thought. Nothing mattered. I lifted her on her feet and half carried her to the stairs that led down to the Turner water-colors. There was a good view of the Square from there, and we stood some way back, a few steps down the stairs.

It was thundering heavily now, and jagged streaks of lightning were darting across the yellow sky. The rain was pouring down in streams. The sea-devils were bellowing to one another—I could not tell whether in pleasure or fright. Some were marshaling the rest, and those on the ground were rising into the air. One stared in at our window as he passed, but he did not pause. His eyes looked like great green



We climbed by holding on to the metal framework

lamps. The bellowing grew louder and more urgent, and the rain became so heavy that one could scarcely see through it. Then a sea of light covered the place and a hurricane thundered. The windows shivered in fragments, and the wet air rushed in. Nelson's Column tottered—I was blinded and deafened for a few moments. When I could see again, the Column was down and the monsters were falling headlong on the Square and the houses. In a few seconds the place was heaped with their mangled remains. I thought I was mad or dreaming, because I heard no sound as they fell, but when I did not hear my own laugh, I knew that I was still deaf. We stood staring at the ruins—staring—staring!

"God has delivered us," Elsie said at last—her voice sounded faint and a long way off. "God!"

"God!" I echoed—He had been only a name to me before.

We stood looking out of the window in silence for a long time. The yellow fog melted away and the sun came out and the sky was blue. Then Elsie borrowed my handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "If only we could forget," she said. "If only we could forget!"

We went back to the galleries. A dozen dead and mutilated monsters lay in them. The glass roofs were broken where they fell in, and most of them had crashed partially through the flooring. It shook as we walked over it, but we had been too frightened to fear any more. We found some biscuits and tinned meat and brandy and water in a room below, and ate and drank and washed. Then we slept for a couple of hours, till Elsie woke and woke me.

"They are all dead everywhere," she said confidently. "Let us go."

She tidied her hair with a brush and comb that she always carried, and put her hat straight before a glass. There was a pink bow at her neck and she retied it

carefully. I laughed suddenly—a jarring, unmirthful laugh.

"I thought the whole world was altered," I said, "but you are still a woman."

She drew a slow, deep breath.

"I suppose it is foolish," she said, "but I don't like you to see me look as if—as if I didn't care how I looked to you."

I took her hand and we went out. We found every way blocked with the corpses of the sea-devils. After several attempts to find a passage through, we decided to climb over them. It was then that we learned that the scales were not armor, but tough hide, like that of a hippopotamus. We climbed by holding on to the metal framework, and finding footholds in the crinkly hides. I mounted first and pulled Elsie after me, and lowered her down before me.

The air was full of a fishy odor and we felt faint. We thought at the time that this was due to the smell, but now I believe it was owing to the partial exhaustion of the oxygen of the air by the breathing-wheels. A few that were not broken or hampered still revolved slowly, and one or two of the monsters were breathing feebly. Their hides rose and fell a foot or so as we walked over them. Some of the "fishing-lines" were dangling in the air. One of them touched Elsie's dress, and I had to cut a piece out with my penknife to get her away. She pinned the skirt carefully together to hide the rent. The green eyes were all open and some blinked at us helplessly, malevolently. The journey across the Square was a waking nightmare of three hours, from one till four. In Pall Mall East we had to climb over several more dead monsters that lay across the road. Dozens of the monsters were lying in St. James's Square. So many had fallen on the War Office that it was crushed like an egg-shell. The front of the club was broken out and none of our friends was left. The cards were scattered over the card table, and on the floor there were a couple of cigar-cases. One of them bore the silver monogram C. V. of General Vine, the courteous, bent old warrior who had invited us in as we wandered by.

We found food and drink in the basement and lay down and slept. We did not wake till early in the morning. I put on some clean clothes that were lying in a dressing-room, and Elsie found a new dress in a house in Pall Mall. Her hat did not match it, she said with a sigh. We took some money, in case there was still use for money in any part of the world. Also we took a big bag of food. We could get water anywhere.

Then we wandered to St. James's Park. Dead monsters lay all over it. Their breathing-wheels were all still now, and smoking as if they burned. The oxygen had doubtless set up combustion when the creatures no longer assimilated it.

Buckingham Palace was a heap of bricks, and most of the houses down Buckingham Palace Road were ruins. We reached Victoria Station without meeting a soul. Elsie gripped my arm suddenly with both hands.

"Suppose," she cried, "there is no one left but you and me?—It is the end of the world!"

"The end of the world!" I echoed with a groan.

"There must be some one left," she said after a pause of frenzied silence. "There must. We will find them. Come."

We went into the S. E. & C. Station. The roof was smashed in and the whole station badly damaged. There was a heap of luggage on the platform and a guard's cap. A little further on there was a child's ball and doll. Elsie picked up the doll and kissed it. I did not look at her, but walked away down the long main-line platform.

About fifty yards beyond the platform there stood a solitary engine and tender. I walked out to them and inspected them while I waited for Elsie. The boiler, I saw from the gauge, was full of water, and the furnace was laid. I lighted it, and we stood on the platform till there was enough pressure to start. Then I turned the steam on cautiously and we went forward at six or eight miles an hour. Luckily the points were set to a clear road out of the station. We passed slowly over the bridge (the river was full of the bodies of the sea-devils) through Battersea, Clapham, and Brixton. There was no sign of life anywhere, not even a dog, or a cat, or a bird. There were holes in the houses where the monsters had drawn out their prey.

"There is no one left," Elsie said. "No one—I used to think people uninteresting, and now—and now—"

"We shall find them presently," I assured her, but I doubted it.

We passed Herne Hill and came to the long-gardened houses of Dulwich. There was a tent and a table laid with an unfinished meal in one. In another a bicycle was turned upside down for cleaning. The cloth and brushes lay beside it. In another the grass was half mown. The lawn mower was there and a man's cap some way off. I pictured it falling from his head as he was carried away. The windows were broken and the walls riddled.

"That is Thurlow Park Road," I said, "where the station is. I used to know a man that lived there."

"Call to him," she suggested. "The people are only hiding."

I stopped the train and shouted. Elsie cried out at the sound of my voice. We had spoken under our breath for the last two days. There was no answer, only a faint, mocking echo.

"Call again," she implored. "Call again!"

I shouted wildly; but there was only the echo in reply. Then she called in her clear, high voice.

"People! Dear people! The monsters are dead—dead. We are friends—friends to every one in the world—They are all gone—And they lived and loved—Fred! We are all alone!"

"Perhaps—" I began, but she looked at me, and the





This is the seventh of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louisiana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers

IT WAS A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE IN THE EARLY PIONEER DAYS FOR A BAND OF INDIAN  
BLANKETS, THUS FRIGHTENING THE HORSES, WHO WOULD BREAK FROM THE TETHERS

PAINTED BY

THE S





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## THE STAMPEDE

FOR A BAND OF INDIANS TO RUSH A CORRAL OR THE CAMP OF AN EMIGRANT TRAIN, SHOUTING WILDLY AND WAVING THEIR  
FROM THE TETHERS AND GALLOP IN MAD FLIGHT ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, TO BE CAPTURED ULTIMATELY BY THE INDIANS

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

hopeful words died on my lips. "If there is only me," I said, "I shall be good to you, Elsie."

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "It isn't that—I am glad it is you. Only—only— Let us go on."

We went slowly on till the houses grew fewer and the country more open, and still we saw no one—nothing—alive, only the dead monsters lying here and there. Then we came to long stretches of fields and trees—and here and there the advertisement of a patent medicine outstanding among them. We saw a solitary bird flying afar, and clapped our hands and strained our eyes till it was out of sight. I thought of the dove that came out of the ark.

Then we saw the Medway like a silver snake afar. At about three we came to Rochester Bridge Station. The water was getting low in the boiler and we were tired of standing on the platform; so we got out and walked on to the public bridge, and looked up and down the river. There was no smoke from the tall chimneys, or from the dockyard at Chatham below; no sound or movement anywhere. There were boats at the pier and boat raft, barges at anchor or run ashore, but no crew to any one. Great black bodies were floating on the tide. A number of them had jammed and blocked up two spans of the bridge. They were lying in heaps on the open space by the pier and in the Castle gardens, and on the ruins of the old Castle. There was a half-drained glass of beer in the caretaker's parlor.

We wandered along the banks of the river, and up into the Borstal Road. We found a house that had a couple of bedrooms undamaged and stayed there for the night. The stillness was terrible—terrible. There was a half-packed portmanteau in one room and a litter of children's playthings in another. Some leaden soldiers were set out for a mimic battle. Elsie told me that she should never smile again.

In the morning, however, she found a hat that matched her costume and came down to the dining-room to show me.

"We must find people," she said with a gay little laugh, "if it is only to admire my hat— Oh! But she who wore it—she who wore it!"

She flung it suddenly on the ground and buried her face in her hands. I picked it up and put it on her.

"It makes you look nice," I said. "You are all I have to look at now, you know."

She put on the hat silently, and we went out together. As she passed the hall mirror she glanced at it and took my arm.

"It does suit me," she said, "and—you'll like me to look nice; won't you, Fred?"

"You always look nice," I told her. There was a pink flush on her cheek and a moist, tremulous light in her eyes—they were big brown eyes.

We tramped out into the country and saw two birds. They were ungainly, flapping rooks, but we watched them lovingly. The air was sweet and the sky was blue and the sun was shining.

Presently we tramped back to the town by way of Watts Avenue. The rents in the houses, and a long row of water-carts—some of the shafts had been broken, evidently in tearing out the horses—made us depressed again. We went down the Maidstone Road into the High Street, and turned to the right. We went as far as Luton Road and found no one. Then we turned back to Rochester. We raided a few shops, and I offered Elsie some jewelry, but she would not have it. It did not matter what she wore now, she said.

"We shall find people further down the line," I declared.

"But they will be changed," she said. "Life will be different—everything will be different—no one will laugh or sing or smile—no one will care how any one looks. But if only we could find a few people to cry with. Hark!" She clutched my arm suddenly. "Hark!" We listened and heard the sound of a man's voice afar. We took a hasty step forward. Then we stopped and looked at one another. It was a man's voice—and we feared!

"We must be careful," I warned her. "We do not know what manner of men they are. There is no law, no order, no police. We are in a state of nature."

"Yes, yes!" She clung to me. "We must be careful. But their 'nature' may be good."

I shook my head. "In the state of nature," I told her, "life is solitary, nasty, brutish, and poor. Every one takes what he wants, and keeps what he can."

She clung to me still more tightly. "Fred!" she whispered. "You won't let them take—me!"

I smiled grimly and drew a revolver from my pocket. I had taken it from a shop in town some days before. "Not while I live," I vowed fiercely. "What I have is mine."

"Yes," she said quietly, "I am yours."

That was our love-making and our betrothal.

We walked stealthily down the street, keeping close under the houses, till we came in view of the courtyard outside the town hall. About two dozen people—men, women, and children—were standing there. They looked hungry and travel-worn and fierce. A tall, gaunt clergyman was preaching to them.

"The Lord," he said, "has taken much, but He has left us one another. The Lord has swept away the past, but He gives us the future. The Lord has given us sorrow, but He gives us work. Dear friends, our work is to comfort and help one another. Let us begin— And now to God the Father—"

We came out from the shadow and stood with the others for the benediction. When it was finished the clergyman held out his hand to us.

"Dear friends," he asked, "what can I do for you?"

"Marry us," I said.

And we knelt down in the square and were married there and then, and when we rose and would have joined in the day's labors, the others pushed us laughingly away. We should not work on our wedding day, they vowed, and they would make ready a house for us. And we went and stood on the bridge and looked up the river and down the river—on the ruins and the black monsters turning in the tide— And we smiled—and smiled.

To-day, though there are so few of us on earth—handfuls of men, and women, and children (and our children among them), toiling in the ruins of town and country—we have still a smile. For here on earth we have one another, and afterward there is God!

# SLAVES OF SUCCESS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

*In this series of political stories Mr. Flower gives a truthful "inside" picture of the game of politics as it is being played to-day in every town, county, and State of the United States. The characters are drawn with great fidelity, and the story of how Azro Craig, an honest farmer, after first fighting the "machine" in the Legislature, gradually comes under the influence of the "boss," is told with both force and humor. There are six stories in the series, the first four of which have already appeared in Collier's Fiction Numbers for May, June, July, and August. The last story of the series, "Azro Craig's Awakening," will be published next month.*

## A STRATEGICAL DEFEAT

**B**EN CARROLL was a warrior, John Wade was a strategist, and Helen R. Trumbull was a very clever woman. It naturally followed that there was trouble when their interests clashed.

Secure in his own strength, Carroll was rough and aggressive. He had no use for woman in politics, and he had no hesitation in saying so. Wade took much the same view of the matter, but he did not say so. When there were enemies to be made Wade was quite willing to permit Carroll to do the making. It was not that Wade could not be forceful and uncompromising when there was occasion, for he had tamed many strong men, but he chose to avoid the necessity as far as possible. Carroll said they didn't want any petticoats mixed up in State politics, while Wade used more diplomatic language.

"In politics," said Wade, "women may be divided into three classes. First, there is the politician, and there is no more unscrupulous politician living than an ambitious woman. Second, there is the impressionable dame who acts on impulse, and no living man can tell what she will do in any situation. Third, there is the aggressively independent creature who believes in herself absolutely, and you might as well talk to a stone wall as to talk to her after her mind is made up. The first is treacherous, the second is unreliable, and the third is uncertain."

"To which class does this Mrs. Trumbull belong?" asked Carroll.

"The third, I think," replied Wade. "I do not understand that she has any wish to rival man in politics, so you won't find her scheming for personal or party advantage, and she is not the kind of a woman who will judge of a measure by the smile or the mustache or the deferential manner of the man who introduces it. So she must come in the third classification. She has been quite active in charitable matters, and is on the boards of several institutions. She is not going to be easy to convince."

"Why nominate her?" asked Carroll.

"Her husband," said Wade, "is John N. Trumbull, and you don't have to be told that John N. Trumbull is a man of considerable influence. John is very proud of his wife. Some men prefer to keep their wives

out of public life, but John doesn't. A few years ago he might have taken a different view of the thing, but she has gained an enviable reputation as a woman of sense, practical sympathies, and executive ability. It can not be denied that she has done a great deal of good in educational and charitable lines, and he has come to think that her election as a trustee of the State University would be no more than a fitting recognition of her services. It is an honor that he wishes her to have. Now, you may think it wise to offend John, but I don't. Besides, we have no great use for the Board of Trustees of the State University."

"There is something doing there once in a while," grumbled Carroll.

"Nothing of any great importance," returned Wade. "And you ought to be the last man to create any disturbance at this time, Carroll. It is your plan to nominate Tim Mather for Clerk of the State Supreme Court, and there is going to be the devil of a row over that. Tim is no man for the place. He hasn't the kind of a record that will make the judges trust him, for the clerk of that court has the custody of decisions and advance knowledge of them that can be used advantageously in some instances. There will be a great roar about that. I have an idea that nothing but the presence of Trumbull's wife on the same ticket will keep

Trumbull's mouth shut. He will hesitate to be very aggressive when success depends so largely on you."

"You have a great head, Wade," Carroll asserted admiringly.

So Helen R. Trumbull became a trustee of the State University and Tim Mather became Clerk of the State Supreme Court, but in both cases there was dissatisfaction. The outcry against Mather was long and loud, but Trumbull's voice was not heard in public, although privately he was very bitter. As he was a lawyer, he had a deeper interest in the matter than many others who did not hesitate to make themselves heard.

"Why don't you speak out?" some one asked him during the campaign.

"What's the use?" he replied weakly, "the nomination is made. Of course, I shall vote against him."

"Will you authorize me to make that fact public?"

"No-o. It wouldn't do any good. He'll run behind the ticket, but he can't fail to be elected."

In the case of Mrs. Trumbull, there could be no doubt of the dissatisfaction of Carroll. He permitted her to be nominated as a matter of political expediency, but the permission was not given graciously. He was not a successful dissembler, even when he saw the wisdom of trying to dissemble, and he was in no sense a ladies' man. In his effort to hide the fact that he was not at

ease in the society of ladies he was brusque almost to the point of discourtesy, thinking that he thereby gave an impression of independence and strength. Mrs. Trumbull saw little of him, and she was not favorably impressed by the little she saw. There was nothing personal in his ill-concealed feeling of antagonism, for she had heard him excuse another's affront to a woman then serving on the board by asking roughly, "Well, what's she doing in politics, anyway?" By nature and training he was opposed to the whole idea, but he had to be quiescent. Trustees were elected for a term of six years, a third of the full board of nine being named at each biennial election, and a precedent had been established for putting up one woman and two men each time. Carroll felt that this "fool precedent," as he termed it, robbed him of some of the fruits of political success, but Wade had made it



"I'd like to see something that represents the principal," she asserted



plain that Mrs. Trumbull would have to be accepted in this instance. So Carroll remained passive, although his resentment was not unobserved by those most interested.

Wade, on the other hand, made the best of the situation. He also preferred men to women in politics, and he also feared that Mrs. Trumbull would prove a very difficult proposition, but the office was politically unimportant, and there was no reason to believe that any of his plans ever would depend upon her influence or vote. The custody and investment of the funds of the university involved some business favors that it was within the power of the board to grant or withhold, and there was a trifling amount of patronage connected with the business administration of the institution, but for the practical politician there was little to be expected. So, when Wade discovered that John Trumbull was ambitious for his wife, he readily saw that greater advantage lay in championing her cause than in opposing it. The nomination would be a popular one—so popular, in fact, that it would require considerable work to defeat it, and the man responsible for defeat would incur the enmity of many women, and of at least one man with influence. While Wade was opposed to woman in politics, he knew the advantage of having the championship of the woman who passes her sentiments to her husband with his breakfast coffee. She does not care much about voting, but whenever she feels deeply her views are very likely to be reflected by some one who does vote. Wade wanted to stand well in her estimation, and he wanted to stand well in the estimation of John Trumbull. He saw the course events were taking some time before he had his conversation with Carroll, and he straightway made arrangements to be the first at the goal. In other words, having learned how Mr. Trumbull felt about it before any definite plans were made, he hastened to suggest Mrs. Trumbull's candidacy.

"To be a trustee of the State University," he told Trumbull, "is an honor of which any woman may well be proud. There has been some incidental mention of your wife in that connection, but nothing definite as yet."

"I believe there has been some talk of it at the Woman's Club," admitted Trumbull, beaming with gratification.

"An indorsement by the Woman's Club would be an excellent thing," returned Wade, "but it isn't really necessary. Your wife is so widely and favorably known as a result of her charitable work that she practically has the indorsement of the whole public. If I have your assurance that she will accept the nomination, I think that I can promise you positively that it will be given to her. At any rate, I shall be glad to interest myself actively in the matter, for I am one of her sincere admirers."

With years of training Carroll would not have been equal to this bit of diplomacy, and Wade had not deemed it necessary to tell him about it when explaining why the nomination would have to be made. There were other and better ways of inducing Carroll to take the right view of the matter. But Wade had made his point; he had earned the gratitude of a valuable man simply by making the best of an unsatisfactory situation, and he followed this up by making a favorable impression upon the valuable man's wife. It was a comparatively small matter; there were other nominations in which both he and Carroll had a much deeper interest; but Wade had gained many advantages by giving attention to the minor details of a campaign. So far as outward bearing went, he was a gentleman. The exigencies of practical politics might lead him to do a great many ungentlemanly things, but he knew how to be deferential and courteous, and he exerted himself to the utmost to be "clever" to Mrs. Trumbull in the little intercourse he had with her during and after the campaign. He made helpful suggestions, he exerted himself to be obliging, he was the first to congratulate her on her nomination and the first to send her definite news of her election, he adjourned a committee meeting when he learned that she was waiting to see him, he arranged for an informal conference with other members of the Board of Trustees.

"I have heard such disagreeable things about him," she told her husband, "that it is a delightful surprise to find him so much of a gentleman. He is totally unlike that uncouth Carroll."

But Mrs. Trumbull could be gracious without being weak. She showed her appreciation of courtesies extended without being blind to the duties of her position. She had been elected to office to use her own judgment, and she would not accept any one's assurance that "it's all right." She wanted to know for herself the reason for this or that action; she had to be convinced, and she was not easy to convince. Those who had dealings with the board found her as coldly practical as a man, and she had the vantage of being able to give her whole time to her duties, while the men had other interests to claim the greater share of their attention. They did not think they were careless, but they were, for they did not seek to remedy the unbusinesslike conditions that they found to exist. Why should they? No one was complaining, and it was much easier to accept things as they were.

To attempt any radical change would be a thankless task, calling for time and labor on the part of some individual member of the board, and there was no feeling of individual responsibility. An impersonal board was responsible. An impersonal board can follow the methods of other impersonal boards when an individual would not dare to do so. And some members of this board had been slightly inoculated with the germ of politics.

But Mrs. Trumbull cared nothing at all about politics, and she did care about investigating everything that was to be investigated. The university trusteeship was no minor consideration with her; it was all-important. She worried the men.

"I would like to know more about the finances of the institution," she announced one day.

"We have the treasurer's report," explained one of the other trustees.

"The treasurer is a private banker," she returned. "He is supposed to have in his possession valuable negotiable securities belonging to the university. Has he got them?"

"Why, of course."

"I'd like to see them." Some of the other trustees looked disgusted and weary.

"As near as I can make out," Mrs. Trumbull went on, "the auditing of the treasurer's reports has been no more than a formality for several years. We are informed that he has made certain investments, that he holds various securities, but what proof is there of it?"

"Interest and dividends have been paid promptly."

"Well, I'd like to see something that represents the principal," she asserted.

"I have no doubt," said Trustee Atkinson sarcas-



"Are you representing Mr. Hackley?" she asked

tically, "that if Mrs. Trumbull will go to Mr. Hackley at his Chicago bank he will be pleased to give her all the evidence necessary to reassure her. But I am willing to rely on his business reputation, backed by his bond as treasurer."

Mrs. Trumbull looked to see whether she had the support of any other trustee, but one only was nodding gravely and thoughtfully, and even he did not speak.

"Very well," she said at last. "I shall object to accepting the treasurer's report until this board knows of its own knowledge that the securities are where they are supposed to be, and I shall make public the reasons for my action."

There was a mild sensation when a rumor of what had happened at the university reached Chicago. Action on the treasurer's report had been deferred for two weeks, and an effort was made to hush the matter up temporarily, but a hint was given to some of those interested. Wade only laughed, but Carroll swore. Carroll received his first information from Treasurer Hackley, and Treasurer Hackley was very excited.

"It will bust the bank," he said.

"What?" cried Carroll, "haven't you got those securities?"

"Not all of them," replied Hackley, "but I'll have them within sixty days. I used them to secure a claim that was making trouble for me—just to tide over, you know. It's been a pretty hard time for the small banks, and I had some losses, but I'm coming out all right now. Just keep her away for sixty days. You can do it."

"Not for me!" retorted Carroll. "You don't catch me in any banking scandals. It's risky enough for me in politics."

"You're on my bond, Carroll," suggested Hackley.

"I'd like to break your neck!" roared Carroll.

"I gave you a little stock for your good offices in that and some other matters," persisted Hackley. "If I go up now, you're caught two ways—as a stockholder in the bank and as one of my bondsmen. You'd better see what you can do."

Carroll said many harsh things, but he went to the bank with Hackley and investigated the situation. He didn't know much about banking, but there seemed to be a fair chance for Hackley to pull through, and Carroll promised to see what could be done. A little delay, he told himself, might enable him to get rid of his interest in the bank, and possibly would give him a chance to get off the bond. But it would not do for him to appear in the matter personally.

Carroll went to Wade first, for he fully appreciated the fact that Wade was the strategist and possessed the ingenious resourcefulness necessary in such a situation. He stated frankly that he wanted the proposed investigation postponed. Wade did not ask why; he could make a good guess, and it occurred to him that his time had come to speak out plainly. He knew inferentially that what was asked of him was not honest, but he could easily console what was left of his conscience with the thought that it might save the bank and the bank's depositors. Besides, he was ready to sacrifice something in playing for a big stake.

"There are three ways that it might be done, but none of them is sure," he said.

"What are they?" asked Carroll. "I can think of only one."

Wade waited a moment, and then asked, "What do I get out of it, Carroll?"

"You know you can count on me for anything," replied Carroll.

"I know that I can count on you for anything that

you can't dodge," retorted Wade. "I haven't forgotten how you tried to turn me down in that Craig matter."

"Ancient history," asserted Carroll. "What do you want?"

"I want to be United States Senator," said Wade deliberately. "You know that."

"I've seen some indications of it," admitted Carroll. "A fellow who's watching politics gets to know things without being told. But that's for the next Legislature to settle."

"No, it isn't," returned Wade. "It's for you and me to settle right now. I've got things pretty well framed up, Carroll—better than you know—and I think I can make it. But I want you to take off your coat and work for me; I want your men in the next Legislature to be my men."

Carroll scowled and hesitated, for certain of his personal plans were affected.

"I'm pretty friendly to the man who wants to succeed himself," he said finally.

"No, you're not," retorted Wade decisively.

"You're pretty friendly to Ben Carroll, and you don't want to commit yourself until you see where you can make the best deal. You think it's a little early to tie yourself up, Carroll, but you've got to do it."

The two men looked at each other as if each would penetrate the inmost thoughts of the other. Perhaps they did. At any rate, the moment of silence seemed to clear the situation.

"Fix this thing up," said Carroll, "and I'll be with you. What are the three ways?"

"First, get a majority of the board on your side," explained Wade. "Most of the members are satisfied and do not want to be bothered, but the easiest way to settle a disagreeable matter is to agree with Mrs. Trumbull. Still, if one of them suggested a specific date for an annual examination of the finances of the institution, it may not be difficult to compromise on that basis, and the date could be put far enough ahead to suit your purpose. Second, discourage Mrs. Trumbull. If she should drop the matter, no one else would press it. Third, get Hackley out of the way before any demand can be made on him. The third is a last resort, for it would create disagreeable comment, but it would be temporarily effective. The securities and accounts are in his personal custody and not in the custody of the bank."

"I don't like that plan," said Carroll, for he feared that, although there was no suspicion as yet, Hackley's absence might create one. Besides, Hackley's presence might be necessary to adjust matters at his bank. "How would you discourage Mrs. Trumbull?"

"She is more interested in her charities than in anything else," said Wade. Then he added significantly, "A county board member was complaining the other day of the number of waifs the Home for Women has been delivering to the county. The Home for Women has a children's ward that is overcrowded, but the county has nothing to do with that. The doorstep of the Home for Women seems to be a favorite place for those who wish to desert babies. Why should the county take them? Mrs. Trumbull would do almost anything rather than have her pet institution and the babies suffer."

"That ought to bring her to time, if she understood it," admitted Carroll, "and she could be made to understand it through her husband. Higbie could see to that. And she can't expect us to be clever to her if she makes trouble for us. But—well, I'd rather do it some other way."

"I'm advising nothing," said Wade. "It's an ugly situation for you, and I'm telling you what can be done. The better way, of course, is to work it through the Board of Trustees, for I can help you personally in that plan."

As a result of the details Wade then gave various things happened. Carroll had an unsatisfactory talk with Trustee Atkinson.

"It's foolishness, of course," said Atkinson, "but she has made such a rumpus about it that I don't care to take the lead in any plan to postpone an investigation, but you can count on my vote."

Higbie, acting under Carroll's instructions, had even less success with Trustee Jarvis, the man who had given Mrs. Trumbull slight encouragement by the grave and thoughtful way he had listened to her at the previous meeting of the board.

"Mrs. Trumbull asked me," said Jarvis, "if I would be satisfied with such methods in my own business, and I had to admit that I would not. In view of the circumstances I have decided that I will vote for an immediate and thorough auditing by the full board. It is a good idea to make it an annual affair, but I shall be with Mrs. Trumbull in her present demand."

Higbie also went to see Mr. Trumbull, but the latter seemed to be only amused.

"If you think my wife is acting under my advice," he said, "you are mistaken. I have given her certain information in relation to business methods, when she has asked for it, but that is all. She is running this thing herself, and she's a pretty smart woman. I may say that I admire her myself," and Mr. Trumbull chuckled pleasantly. It was a good joke to him, but not to the others.

"Good Lord!" cried Carroll, "is one woman better and stronger than three men? Doesn't our experience count for anything? Are we to be crowded off the political earth by a bunch of petticoats that doesn't know a ward meeting from a charity board? Well, it's up to you, Wade."

So Wade went to see his country legislative friend, Azro Craig, who happened to be very close to Trustee Breen. But Craig had become suspicious.

"You're all right, Jack," he said, "but you got your fingers in too many pies. Why don't you let folks look after their own business?"

Wade made a feeble explanation to the effect that Mrs. Trumbull was unreasonable and that she would



have to be tamed in this instance or she would keep the university board in a turmoil all the time.

"I ain't never got so foolish as to go into the business of tamin' women," retorted Craig.

Wade persisted. There was nothing at stake, he said, except a question of precedent and policy, and all that was necessary was to get some one like Breen to take the initiative. If Mrs. Trumbull won now, it never would be possible to hold her down to systematic procedure; she would follow an erratic fancy in everything and become a disturbing element.

"When a lot of men are ag'in one woman," said Craig, "I'm with the woman, an' I'm ashamed o' you for bein' with the men. You ain't honest, either. You got reasons you ain't tellin' for mixin' up here, and I won't have nothin' to do with it."

It was a crestfallen trio that assembled in Chicago when Wade made his report. Carroll kept muttering:

"Three men against one woman, and the men are powerless! Three wise politicians turned down by a bunch of skirts!" Then he insisted desperately that something had to be done immediately, for the next meeting of the trustees was to be held in Chicago, instead of at the university, within three days, and there was a chance that they might go in a body to the bank. That was unlikely, but they would almost certainly make some arrangement for the examination of the securities.

"Tell Hackley to pack his grip," said Wade, taking command, as he usually did at a critical moment; "get immediate action on your waif proposition, and I will see Mrs. Trumbull. It's a risk, but I may be able to do something."

Wade had so successfully concealed his own machinations that he was still on the most friendly terms with Mrs. Trumbull, and he went to her ostensibly as a friend.

"I may seem presumptuous, Mrs. Trumbull," he told her, "but I can't help giving you a word of warning. Frankly, there is a feeling that you are making a great deal of unnecessary trouble. In your main contention you are quite right, but you must have seen that even the trustees were disturbed by your aggressiveness."

"I don't want to be unreasonable," she replied, "but why should there be any objection to a proper auditing of accounts?"

"There is none," he explained. "I have been at some pains to investigate the matter, and I think I understand it. By a little conciliation you can get just what you wish without stirring up a spirit of antagonism. Men don't like to be forced, especially by one of less practical experience than themselves. These are not my sentiments, Mrs. Trumbull; I am merely explaining the situation. Now, if you will drop this matter temporarily, there will be no objection to an arrangement for a thorough annual auditing a little later. All can join in such a movement a little more gracefully then. I admit that your position is impregnable, and you can easily force action at the next meeting, for the public might misinterpret a refusal, but you will surely create a bitterness that will be hurtful. The trustees won't like it, and Mr. Hackley's many friends will believe you are deliberately assailing his integrity. You will find them retaliating in unexpected ways."

"I don't want to be unreasonable," Mrs. Trumbull

said again, "and I don't see why this matter should make such a stir. But, if the dignity of my masculine friends on the board demands it, I will let the matter go over temporarily, provided Mr. Hackley gives a new and suitable bond immediately."

A smile of satisfaction faded quickly from Wade's face at the conclusion of this statement, and he hastily asked what was the matter with the bond.

"It isn't large enough," replied Mrs. Trumbull. "The amount was fixed when the funds and securities in his custody were far less than they are now. And it isn't good enough, either. No bank or trust company would accept it for half the amount, for it would be a difficult matter to collect on it. The only surety who really has anything is Carroll, and he's too tricky to be safe. Oh, I know about that bond; I asked my husband a few questions, and then I had it looked up."

"I don't think there will be any trouble about the



"We deliver that foundling to you as the representative of the county"

bond," said Wade. "You might suggest it at the next meeting of the trustees, and no doubt it will be easily arranged, if the other matter is dropped."

Mrs. Trumbull turned suddenly on Wade.

"Are you representing Mr. Hackley?" she asked.

"Not at all," he answered. "I merely thought that my practical experience in public matters might be of some value to you."

"It is," she said, "and I am grateful to you for your advice, although I don't understand the reason for some of it. But this thing is sure: Mr. Hackley will have to furnish a new and larger bond at the next meeting of the trustees, or I shall stick to my original demand. I shall see that he is notified of my intention in time to have the bond ready. I don't like some things about this at all, Mr. Wade."

"I don't blame you," replied Wade promptly. "It is making a big thing out of a trifle in which you are technically right but diplomatically wrong."

Wade knew enough to say no more than that. It would do no good, and he had no wish to lose Mrs. Trumbull's friendship. But he told Carroll and Higbie that three experienced politicians were dangerously near to defeat by one comparatively inexperienced woman.

"I'd rather tackle six men than one woman," he said.

"Make it twenty men," growled Carroll. "Why, just look at it. On that board there are six men and three women. One of the women takes the bit in her teeth, and the six men can't hold her. There are three more men right here, and they can't hold her. Enough influences have been at work to swing a Legislature, and she's dragging the whole bunch like so much tissue paper. No one wants to do what she says, but every one is going to do it—except the other women, perhaps. We ought to have got after the other women, Wade. We tried all the men that we dared."

"Well, it's too late now," returned Wade.

"How about the waifs?"

"That's fixed," replied Carroll. "She'll have enough to worry her pretty soon so that she may be willing to forget about Hackley."

In truth, Mrs. Trumbull did have her hands full the next day. Before she had finished breakfast she had a telephone call from the Home for Women, and was informed that the county had refused to accept a waif that had been left on the doorstep the preceding evening.

"What do you suppose is the reason of that?" she asked her husband.

"It looks to me like a bit of practical politics," he replied. "I believe you've been rather unaccommodating, haven't you?"

"Are they mean enough to retaliate on the babies?" she cried.

"They may take the view that they are letting the fate of the babies rest on you," he suggested.

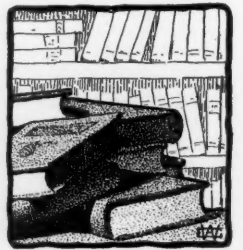
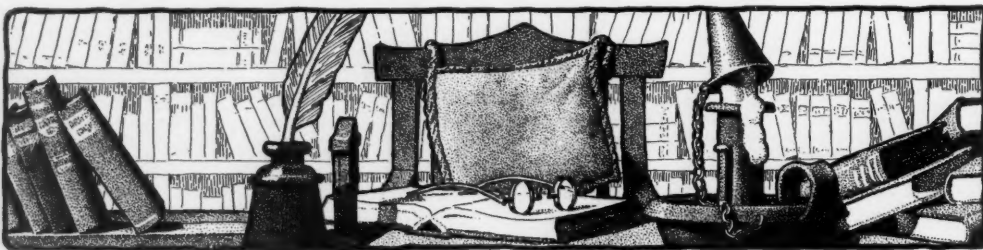
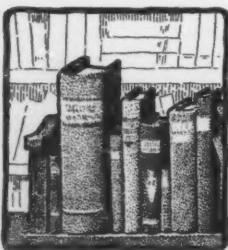
"Oh, they are!" she cried with flashing eyes. "Well, it's a despicable, mean, cowardly thing to do, and I won't stand it for a minute!"

"Don't," he advised, laughing; for her aggressive resourcefulness was a source of both amusement and pride to him. His best advice was always at her service, but

he insisted upon taking a facetious view of most of her problems. "Go after them!" he added. "My! but I'd hate to be the President of the County Board to-day!"

Mrs. Trumbull went straight to the Home for Women, where she learned that the police, to whom it was customary to deliver waifs thus left, had refused to take this one. Then, accompanied by various other members of the board, she went to the police station, where she was informed that the police had no place for them and the county would no longer take them. The police were thereupon absolved from all blame. They were willing to send for them whenever the county would take them.

There were many indignant women at the conference that followed, but none was more indignant than Mrs. Trumbull, the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Home for Women, for she felt a sense of personal responsibility. (Continued on page 26.)



## IS POETRY TO HAVE A CHANCE? : By Robert Bridges

PERHAPS Poetry may have its day? There are indications of a jaded appetite for fiction, the result of overproduction and the American habit of change. Like the bicycle and golf, fiction may have its period of depression, and then look out for poetry to come to the front again. The old champions are either dead or stiff in the joints, but a host of new players will soon develop. Imagine the novelty of lists of the "best-selling poetry of the month," of pictures showing the spacious country homes of poets, with real poets in real automobiles at the front door! We may soon read that "Byronicus, the popular poet, has just returned on his yacht from a year's sojourn in the East, and will immediately get to work on his new poem, the scene of which will be laid in Tibet." How swiftly the pale-faced poets would creep down from their attics, and get out into the sun with such possibilities before them! Out beyond the Mississippi River keen-eyed miners, loggers, and ranchmen would very soon turn their attention to verse because "it pans out well."

This golden dream has so far hardly a leg to stand on—if dreams do touch the earth with feet. One faint indication, perhaps, of a reviving interest in verse is a recent page advertisement of a huge anthology of poetry which shows small busts of Shakespeare and Milton on either side, with a large portrait of Bliss Carman in the centre. At any rate, in the new poetic era, Shakespeare and Milton are to be kept in the background.

Another hopeful sign is that Mr. Chesterton (from whom most of the current critics take their texts) has been vigorously recommending poetry as a cure for dis-

ordered minds. If all poets are mad, this is a case of like cures like. Mr. Chesterton believes that poetry is the only antidote for the stress of commercialism; that no man can be truly great and well-balanced in practical affairs without developing his poetic side. There must be a great deal of truth in this. The conception of a railroad across a continent, a tunnel through the Alps, a steel trust or a bank of banks is essentially a work of the imagination. No poet's dream was ever more topsy-turvy than the building of skyscrapers from the top downward. The engineer who first thought of that was a poet. The invalid engineer Roebling who first saw the Brooklyn Bridge after its completion and exclaimed "It is just as I imagined it would look!" and the blind Herreshoff with his boats are of the stuff of poets. Andrew Carnegie once said, "All my life I have been a dreamer of dreams, a builder of air castles," and he added slyly, "I have seen more of them realized in stone and steel than most people." It was the poet in Andrew who made him buy the old castle at Dunfermline and its grounds (out of which he had been chased as a boy) and present it to the town for a public park. Who can tell what a good course of poetry in youth might have accomplished for Mr. Schwab or Mr. Sage! It takes imagination to spend money discreetly or to spend it at all.

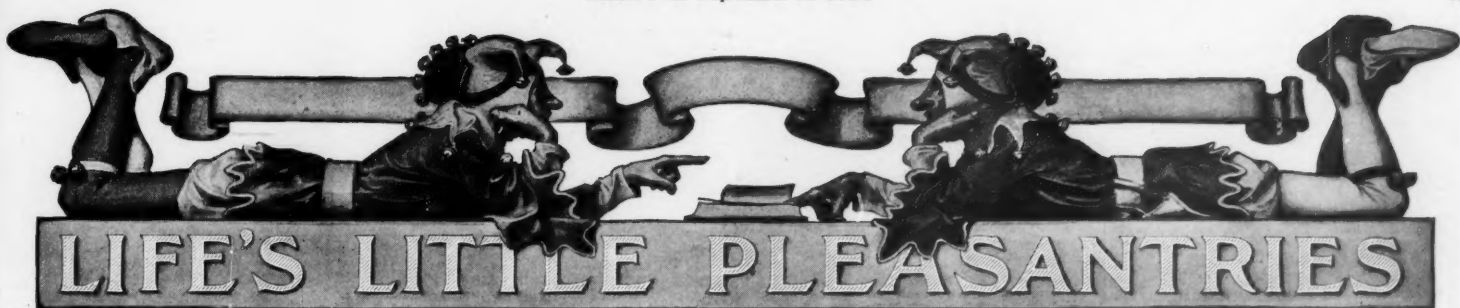
The trouble with poetry in the past decade is that it has not been poetry. The audience is not at fault. So long as young men dream dreams and old men see visions, there will be an appreciation of real poetic feeling. The end of it is the end of all progress. But the strong imaginative minds have been diverted into other channels. To sail under the sea or through the air, to talk through

space, to see through flesh and bone, to make light out of darkness, to harness Niagaras, to make wax speak and pictures move—these have been the deeds of the poets of our generation. The things that were dreamed of in the "Arabian Nights" have become realities—and yet they say this is a prosaic age! It is seething with romance; young men talk the impossible on street corners and across little tables—and then make it come true. The spirit of achievement is the spirit of imagination and hope. These men delight to live, delight to plan, and dream, and hammer out results. Nothing staggers them—and failure or success is greeted with a smiling face.

While this is the prevailing spirit in America, what have the poets been giving it? They have been feeding it the shadow and not the substance of poetry; to men who know that great things can be done, they have sung songs of little failures; to those who do things by looking for the best in other men, they have prattled of universal depravity; to the builders of huge industries they have whined about the increasing poverty of man. If the poets are not read it is because they are poor-spirited and weak, pessimistic and flabby of thought. In a world that is gay and hopeful, they have hung their harps on the willows and moaned over them.

There has never been any difficulty in selling the verses of Riley and Field to the great West;—though they are not great poets, they are never doleful ones. When a poet comes who shall give voice to the significant, moving, uplifting spirit of this energetic and noisy, but in all things romantic, age, he will have all the hearers he wants, and a great many that he will be glad to get rid of.





## A MUTUAL MISTAKE

LITTLE WILLIE told his mother that a lion was on the front porch, but when an investigation was made, it was found to be the Newfoundland dog which had been newly sheared.

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "you have told a very naughty story, and you must go up to your room and pray for forgiveness and remain there until the Lord does forgive you."

Willie promptly obeyed, but he was gone only a few minutes before he came tripping back.

"Did the Lord forgive you?" asked his mother.

"Yes," was the reply, "and He said He didn't blame me much either, 'cause when He first saw it He sorter thought it was a lion himself."

## A SOURCE OF BEAUTY

Mabel: "Where does Madge get her good looks from, her father or her mother?"

Edythe: "From her father. He keeps a drug store."

## ADE ON COINS

A FRIEND of George Ade, of "Fables in Slang" fame, tells of an amusing reply once made by Mr. Ade when he was conducting an "Answers to Correspondents" column of a country newspaper in Iowa. It appears that some subscriber had written to Mr. Ade inquiring with reference to the value of a certain coin. Mr. Ade's answer was as follows:

"The editor of this column has no knowledge of the value of coins."

## MODERN SHORT STORIES

By TOM MASSON

## OUR OLD FRIEND THE SEA STORY

WE were deep in muck, gloom, and fog somewhere off Gloucester, with the sea below murking from inky green to absinthe, and our trim little craft was bucking down to it, digging her way down into the seas, and anon pointing skyward. We had of course the hatches battened down, all the staysails and topsails clewed up, a new coat of tar on the rigging, the belayin' pins set and all the lights out; for, spite of being in track of the liners, we couldn't afford to give away the Company's business in the offing.

Sandy McRamsgate was at the helm, and as the seas broke over him picturesquely he squinted at me from his weather eye.

"I'm thinking," said Sandy, "that I smell the sand dunes to looward."

We hove the lead and sounded for eight fathoms, and then the lookout, who was sitting in an easy-chair on the end of the jibboom, sung out there was a vessel on the port bow, bearing three points down and laboring much.

"Ken you her odor?" asked Sandy, while I waited in

breathless suspense, knowing that no fish had come into port for over two weeks, and realizing that if we were the first one in it meant a fortune to the Company and glory enough for all. While, if we were beat, some one else would have smuggled in of coin slithered up in their teapots afore the weather broke again.

"It's Raftery's smell," says the lookout; and then we knew the worst, for the Matilda Pratt Smith of Gloucester was our sooperior in more ways than one, and Raftery was mean enough for anything.

"What's adoo'in', Sandy?" I says; but Sandy made no reply for some time, for he was ever a man of few words.

Then I saw a look of determination come into his face, and I knew that Raftery would never beat us in.

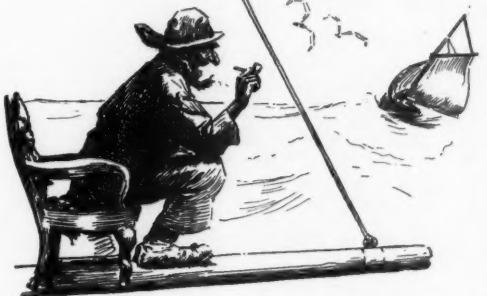
"Here, mon," said Sandy, "take your trick at the wheel, while I go ashore for a tug."

I gazed at him in amazement. But his face was ever imperturbable. "A tug," I shouted, sweeping away the fog atween us so that he could hear.

"Man alive, but you can't swim in such a seaway. Think of the ground swells that's on and the slithering gale blowin'."

But Sandy only smiled. "The Company ne'er would forgee me," he said, "and there be no help for it, but I must go ashore and get a tug, and then, mon, we'll be towed into port under Raftery's nose."

And before I had the keen sense to stop him, he was



The lookout was sitting in an easy-chair on the end of the jibboom

overboard, oilskins and souwester, breasting the heavy seas—off toward Gloucester where the Company's clerks sat before warm fires.

And so I took the helm an' waited with Raftery looming up two points to looward, and me keeping her up in the eye of the gale laboring and pounding as she was.

The night wore on apace, and the hail came down, with icebergs forming all around us. I thought of the stiff cargo of fish beneath my feet, and if I ever prayed, I done so that night, with the scent of the sand dunes mingling with Raftery's.

Toward morning the sky broke somewhat, and, thinks I, Sandy must have missed his footing and failed somehow to make his way into the harbor. And I thought of the trim wife and childer waiting for him in the little low cottage just beyond the meetin'-house.

And then I looked up and saw a light bobbing through the mist, and it was but a moment more afore the tug was alongside, with Sandy throwing us the hawser. Then he jumped aboard, and as we steamed down close by Raftery, emotionless as my temperament is and stiff as my arms were, what with holdin' the wheel fourteen hours, I clasped Sandy to my breast.

"You were a long time a-sea, Sandy," I said, with the hot tears a-freezin' in my eyes.

"Aweel," said Sandy, "you ken, mon, I had to stop several times to light me poipe."

And that's how the Company's honor was saved off Gloucester on that dark night in February.

## MAN AND WOMAN

By W. D. NESBIT

MAN tells his fishing tales; and he Is prone to let his fancies stray, Until he almost makes us see The mammoth ones that got away.

And woman, reminiscent, too, Will often shake her pretty head, And tell of how they came to woo— The countless men she did not wed.

## A TERRIBLE REVENGE

ORPHEUS was boasting that he could make the rocks sing to his music.

"Perhaps," retorted Æolus, "but I'll bet you can't make the furnace draw!"

Smartering under the insult, the god of music invented the cornet-player by way of retaliation.

## MORE HASTE

Briggs: "I see that while young Fiddleback was eloping with Miss Redbud her father overtook them."

Griggs: "Didn't he use his automobile?"

Briggs: "Oh, yes. But the old man could walk faster."

## THE MOON ROUTE

REPRESENTATIVE John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority in the House, tells of a civil service examination in a Southern town for the purpose of selecting a mail courier.

Among the applicants was a rather confident young dandy of considerable education. At first his progress was excellent, but the candidate was nonplused when the question was put to him:

"State the distance from the earth to the moon."

"You'll please excuse me, gentlemen," remarked the negro, as he put on his hat and made for the door, "I don't want the job if you're goin' to put me on that route!"

## BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Patient: "You say there will be considerable cutting to this operation?"

Doctor: "Yes."

Patient: "Well, you'd better draw up a set of plans and furnish me with an estimate."

## A SURE THING

A CROWD standing around one of the bookmakers at Overland Park, Denver, one day during the races, was given an opportunity to have a little joke on that self-important person, who was interrupted in his talk to the men by a well-dressed man who forced his way to him and said something excitedly.

The bookmaker beat on the railing before him and called for attention. "Gentlemen!" he shouted, "I have been asked to say that a pocketbook containing \$500 has been lost by or stolen from a gentleman here who says he will give a reward of \$50 for it."

"\$75!" yelled some wag on the outskirts of the crowd.

"\$90!" came from some one else instantly.

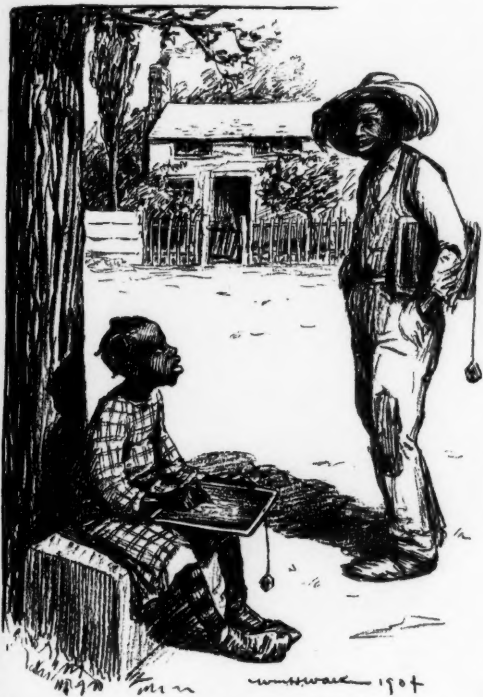
"\$100!" "\$125!" "\$150!"

In a moment the enthusiastic bids for the lost purse caused its owner to retreat to the grandstand and the bookmaker to say things which were drowned in the laughter of his audience.

## SUBTLE ATTRACTION

"PARDON me, leddy," said the masked man as he stepped from the shadows of the alley. "I had intended robbing you, but something inside of me tells me to spare you. I fear it is my hitherto unused conscience, but, on the other hand, you possess a peculiarly sympathetic influence over me. In consideration of my not molesting you, would you kindly tell me who you are?"

"Oh, thank you, sir," answered the maiden. "I am Imogene Stokwotter. My father is head of the baled-hay trust, my uncle is head of the pickle trust, my brother Henry is head of the egg trust, and all my relatives are ruling officers in different combinations. I



"How's you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"

"I done learned to add up de oughts, but de figgers bodder me."



History sometimes repeats itself



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am sure they will reward you handsomely for your chivalry toward me."

"Reward? Madam, you offend me. I am only a beginner. I am but a mere footpad, but I realize that there is honor among our fraternity, and it is a genuine pleasure to me to favor you with a rebate."

### A ROMANCE OF JERSEY

It was evening in Newark Bay. The sails of the good schooner *Alice and Mary*, loaded with moth balls for Paterson, hung idly in the dying breeze.

Bernice and Alfred, on their honeymoon, sat in the lee scuppers and looked fondly into each other's eyes. In the dusky distance, the massive minarets and tall towers of the Standard Oil Company tank No. 11 were dimly outlined. While beyond, the historic meadows of Hoboken stretched in the calm peace of the summer evening.

All was quiet save the occasional rustle of some friendly mosquito as he flapped his wings anon and anon.

Three days before, at high noon, when the trolley cars ran oftener, Bernice and Alfred had been married in one of South Newark's most fashionable churches. Indeed, so exclusive was the wedding that there was not a male guest present who failed to wear a dress suit. And now the happy pair were in the full flux of that bliss that comes only once in a lifetime.

"Alfred," said Bernice coyly, "what will we do when we get to Paterson?"

Alfred paused for a while in silence. His bliss was so great that he had even forgotten where they were going.

"Anything you say," he replied dreamily. "It matters not, darling."

Bernice turned and looked at her husband in gentle ecstasy. "Do you really mean it?" she cried; "can we do anything I say?"

"Certainly, darling," he replied. "What do you wish? Tell me, and it shall be granted."

She nestled in his arms with a satisfied sigh. "Then," she said, "don't let's stay there. I'm timid, dear, so far away. Let's go right back to Newark, for, after all, there is no place like home."

### WAR NEWS

Mr. Smythe: "My dear, did you know that the war was over?"

Mrs. Smythe (all excitement): "No, indeed. Don't stop to read it. Just tell me all about it in your own words. Did the Japs whip the horrid Russians, and what are the terms of the treaty of peace? Does Japan get Korea or does Manchuria get Russia? And where does China come in? Why don't you answer me? You know how much interest I have taken in the war."

Mr. Smythe: "I can't answer all your questions, my dear. All I know is that the war is over—in Manchuria, Korea, and a few other places."

Mrs. Smythe: "You mean thing."

### NOT ALWAYS

"DON'T you think that perfumes have a great deal to do with making one feel romantic?"

"Oh! I don't know. When I proposed to my wife we were sailing in a naphtha launch."

### A DESPERATE EXPEDIENT

"YOU are my prisoner!" It was a beautiful summer's day in the suburbs. The soft breeze stirred musically the leaves of the tall trees. The well-kept lawns spread out before the view like huge green rugs. The sun's rays glistened in between the shadows. All outside was calm and peaceful. But in the rear of a trim house a desperate and determined man faced a defenceless woman.

"It is of no use," he muttered, "you can not escape me." He pointed to the windows. "As

you see," he continued, "I have just had them barred." He indicated the rear door. "That door," he said calmly, "is double locked and the key is in my pocket. Woman, I've got you just where I want you." The woman wrung her hands fiercely as she heard the whistle of an approaching train. "You villain!" she cried. "But the man only smiled. "Villain or no villain," he replied, "you'll stay until Monday morning anyway. I've got friends coming out to spend Sunday with me, and I didn't bring you all the way from that servant's agency for nothing."

### IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE THINKER

POVERTY is the father of economy, and economy is the mother of wealth, but wealth soon forgets its grandfather.

In the eyes of the world the fellow who fails is nobody and the one who succeeds has a pull.

Hardship is a rough nurse, but she raises sturdy children.

Contentment is the bird we see but never can trap.

A single man anticipates, a married man reflects.

Too many people take respiration for inspiration.

A man's honor and a woman's love are always above par on the stock exchange of life.

Don't expect too much and you won't be disappointed.

Some cent people try to live like a double eagle.

When a woman says she wouldn't marry the best man alive she speaks the truth—she couldn't get him.

"To-morrow" is the reef that has cost the life of many a business man.

If every woman's face was her fortune there would be a run on the veil market.

Wild oats are not sown in straight furrows.

The great craze only goes to show another example of man being displaced by machinery.

Justice might take your part, but injustice takes your all.

Too many irons in the fire eat up much expensive coal.

A good many self-made men look as if they ought to have had some help.

The most remarkable thing about a trust is that it does not trust.

Don't take a polite acknowledgment for an encore.

The man who jumps at conclusions usually falls with them.

Curiosity oftentimes hides behind the mask of solicitude.

Everything comes to him who waits, except the waiter.

When you are arguing with a fool just remember the fool is doing the same thing.

### PROVING HIS RIGHTS

A PROVISION in the will of Stephen Girard, a founder of the college in Philadelphia that bears his name, stipulated that no clergymen should be allowed to enter that institution.

"One day," says Senator Penrose, "the late State Senator Sessions of New York was about to enter the building when he was stopped by the watchman at the entrance."

"Now, as Mr. Sessions was an extremely clerical-looking man, always wearing an immaculate white tie, his appearance was such as to impress the watchman with the idea that the visitor came within the proscribed class. So he said to Senator Sessions: 'You can't enter this building, sir.'"

"The hell I can't!" exclaimed the New York statesman, kicking open the door with his foot.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir," replied the watchman, "Step right in, sir!"

### WEATHER PERMITTING

Bookkeeper: "My grandmother is dead, sir." Head of Firm: "Um! When is the funeral?" "It's called at 3.30."

### JIMMY JOY'S NEW BUBBLE : By Dorothy Ficken

THERE was a boy named Jimmie Joy, Who had a nice new bubble; It ran away one summer day, And caused no end of trouble.

"I've not the art to run this cart," Said Jim, "the way I ought to, For well I know it is not so An auto ought to auto."



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**AND THE JAPANESE KEPT THE PASS**

(Continued from page 10)

An occasional Russian dropping showed that these two companies were under fire. Therefore naturally the thing for them to do seemed to be to take advantage of a diagonal gully which cut the slope. This they did finally, still in a mass, still plodding nonchalantly on, still being brave—and stupid. An intelligent force under the same conditions would have scrambled up the hill in half the time as units, which would have instantly and automatically come together under the cover of the other side of the crest. But the Russian must be kept in the flock. Elasticity he has not. He thinks for himself no more than the horses that draw the guns. Yes, the difference between Nippon Denji and Ivan Ivanovitch is that of more than height and weight; it spans the difference between the Middle Ages and common intelligence.

The ridge which the Russians occupied was high, running out into the valley, with a precipitous descent like a promontory into a sound. On the other side the valley widened into a small plain, and here the road was occupied—with the procession of defeat. The habit of the Russian makes him take to the highway and to level places. Such is his plainsman's instinct that he will tramp under fire over even ground rather than advance under cover over the rough. When fire rakes the even ground, for a while he will march back—bravely and slowly back—rather than try the other way.

On this little plain we saw the Russians doing the kind of thing which is impressive at the Russian grand maneuvers. The ravine at the other side of the ridge was the natural funnel of retreat for all the scattered and beaten cohorts on the north (right) of the valley. Into this, galloping hospital wagons coming by the valley road from Toman disappeared. Out of it came in close order a battalion formed from the beaten ranks. Stretched across a cornfield on the left of the road, in the broad part of the valley, was a battery of guns, which had taken no advantage of the natural cover of the ground. The Russians seem to like a position where they can be seen and can not see. They must still be infatuated by the heresy that the sheer "look" of them will frighten the Japanese.

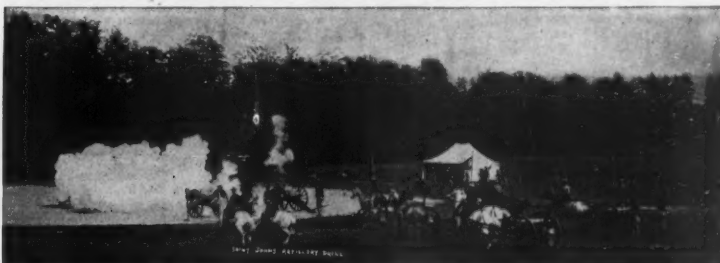
The gunners were back under the shade of a grove of trees with their horses. A battalion of fresh reserves, coming out of the grove, deployed into skirmish line and support for the guns with European drill-ground intervals. Back of them the valley is closed by the slopes rising to the heights of Yansu Pass, which the failure of the morning made again the Russian line of defence. Beyond it there is no other equally suitable ground for a stand until we reach Liao-Yang.

From the white pagoda tower on the first rise above the village of Toman, at the end of the valley, the Russian General saw the action of July 4. The conduct of his troops was very brave, he reports. Two battalions advanced in close order and were repulsed and pursued by four companies. If the General is there now he may say that his retreat at this point is orderly and that his troops maneuvered beautifully. He may even apply this to the company which now advances at the base of the promontory. The idea, presumably, is to "creep up" and catch some of the Japanese infantry on the flank. They "creep up" in line on the river bed, which silhouettes their dark uniforms. For just such Japanese tactical sagacity is prepared. The man, the squad, the section, the company is each a thinking unit, yet connected with delicate, quickly responsive nerves to the whole. If a squad can not cover this or that spur, a section joins it. If a section is not enough, a company comes. Some unit posted for the purpose grasped the opportunity now vouchsafed. By the tremor of that line you knew the moment the fire came. And the fire was too hot. The line closed up like a camera. Then individuals returned and picked up the wounded.

Meanwhile we had hoped to see that Russian battery in action. The hill where we sat was not more than 4,000 yards away—a fair mark. Possibly this fact led to the General calling us back; and when the General calls you have to go, even though the drama is at the dénouement. As we drew away the guns were still without their gunners, and the retreat along the road continued.

Having seen what we could of the finish of the fight, we now faced toward the ground, where the struggle had taken place while we waited at headquarters and while we rode to the front. To the east the new temple of Kwantei stood out boldly on the slope. This was erected to the gods of the old temple of Kwantei (in the grove nearer the enemy) because the power of the mountain deity was supposed to have prevented the Japanese from crossing the pass in the war of '94-'95. (They went by another road.) This morning the temple was for a minute in the middle of the Russian line. Three shells were landed in its brick walls, but the big blue and white josses were not hit—which, according to Chinese logic, may justify a third sanctuary in their honor.

The pass itself was hidden by other slopes, but our point of view lay directly in line with it and the Peking Road. Why the Russians should now strive in two assaults to recover Motien, which they abandoned three weeks ago, is a strategic mystery which may possibly be explained by the fact that by the precepts of this war it was characteristically Russian. If Kuropatkin is withdrawing to Mukden, we threaten his line of retreat; if he means to make a stand at Liao-Yang, we threaten his line of communications

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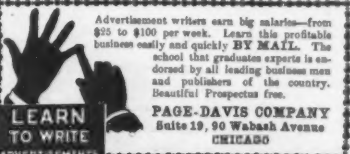
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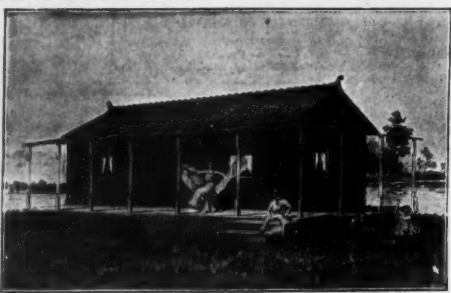
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—his ever-precious railroad. We hold the ascent; thenceforth it is downhill for Kuroki. To recover Motien would be a decisive blow against us. Kuropatkin's attempt was vital, and made under every augury of success that superstitious Russia of the Middle Ages could command.

The 17th of July is the Sabbath, which blesses every undertaking to the mind of the Greek Church. It is also the anniversary of the taking of Shipka Pass, the event of the Russo-Turkish War which most appeals to the Slavonic imagination. Twenty-seven years later the gallant success against one Oriental race was to be repeated against another; the landmark of Russian courage in the Near East was to have its counterpart in the Far East. This Sabbath was also a Saint's Day, bespeaking the power of the Church against the heathen of the little islands. Moreover, for the first time regular Russian troops from Europe proper were put in the field against Kuroki's fight-seasoned, march-seasoned veterans.

It was a task to the taste of the hero of Shipka, and Kuropatkin first won place as Skobelev's adjutant. In order to show his men what bad marksmen the Turks were, Skobelev used to walk along the parapet of the Russian trenches before Plevna. He was the beau-ideal of the days of shock tactics; he was the one for daylight surprises in mass and as swift marches as hero-worship and priestly incitement could bring out of the Moujiks. He could live high on six days in the week and charge splendidly on the seventh. Kuropatkin has carried the traditions of his old chief into the days of smokeless powder. Well may the Commander-in-Chief, himself, wonder why, when he did as Skobelev did, his legions, instead of placing the flag on the heights, were driven back in tumult and confusion.

The famous pass, as I have said, is merely a cut worn by traffic in the long range of hills at the summit of the divide. These hills rather than Motien—a name—form the strategic position which Kuropatkin tried to wrest from Kuroki. His plan was to engage the front at Motien while a lodgement was made on the flank at Gebatow, seven miles away. Behind Gebatow is another pass. The Russian advance was made in the darkness by two great columns; one by the Peking Road toward Motien, and the other by the road leading to Gebatow. The total force consisted of seven regiments, or in all about 25,000 men. The Japanese were first apprised of the movement of the Gebatow column at about 12:30, of that of the other column two hours later. A single Japanese company received the shock of the Gebatow column. Here, indeed, occurred, first and last, the crux of the battle, which no foreign observer saw. That company held its ground. Before the reserves had come to its assistance it had 20 men killed and 36 wounded.

Equally as well as he knows that his ammunition is good, a Japanese general knows that any force, however small, will stay where it is placed—stay, alive or dead. One company is as much like another as peas in a pod. No special units; no Rough Riders; no King's Own; no stiffening of weak regiments with regiments of volunteers or regulars. There is an approximate level of courage and skill. A commander may choose the unit at hand as a mechanic takes down any one of a number of equally tempered tools from a rack. If you want a Horatius at the Bridge, take the nearest first sergeant.

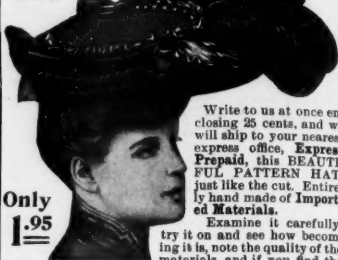
The Russians came to the attack with a splendid confidence—a childish, mob-like confidence. All the way across the Siberian steppes in their troop trains they had been begetting this. "When they see us big burly fellows the leather-skinned Makaki (dwarfs) will run fast enough. They will find that we are no colonists and reserves—we are the Little Father's chosen." But the Makaki know a mark when they see one; and they like to fire at a column in close order.

Nature as well as church and historical auguries were on the side of the Russians this morning; the Japanese had only skill and courage on theirs. Dawn broke into a thick fog. At six o'clock you could not see a man two hundred yards away. Pushing aside all outposts, the Russians gained the slope facing the ridges of the pass itself, and there in the mist they began intrenching themselves—to hold the front engaged according to plan. They did not seem to know that the Japanese had guns on the pass—information they had on authoritative sources as soon as the gunners could see them. It is demoralizing to be under shell-fire when no big voices speak on your side—that is an old, old military saying which has lost none of its sapience with the improved deadliness and precision of artillery.

Besides those in front, on the Russian right came the sound of more guns. The Japanese division on that side had sent out a demonstration on the flank. The gunners could see little, but the thunders they invoked were a mighty warning. On the Russian left at Gebatow that Japanese regiment had gripped its hill with a steady outpour of lead, and Russian numbers could not be budged. Thus the centre alone was in its place, numbed with the fear that it was flanked. The position desired by the Russians had been reversed at the outset; the Japanese centre was containing the Russian centre, while the Russian flanks were pressed back. The rapier of his strategy had bent back on the fencer. Church and anniversary and cover of night and mist would not avail him when his steel was poor.

As the mist cleared the Japanese gunners saw in the valleys into which the two roads had poured their reserves black masses for their target. Destruction was as simple as bursting a bomb in a room full of men. Shrapnel rained until the very road was clogged with the dead and wounded. No Russian guns spoke in reassuring tones above the confusion. If the Russian art-

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lery came up at the gallop more frequently there would be less need of the hospital wagons coming up at the gallop.

An attack with seven divisions without support from batteries! What can this indicate, unless Japanese formidability has driven the Russians to timidity in risking their guns, lest they should lose them as they did at H. nitan? This slaughter-pen, where no blow could be returned, was a terrible introduction of the flower of Kuropatkin's army to "The Real Makaki," as you would write the title for a magazine article. Without guns to support them, flanked by more than the demonstration from the other division—by the force of the brigade holding the pass (a brigade never for a moment in doubt of its abilities) that had crawled over the high ascents to the south, which evidently had not appealed to the Russians as a quantity in the game—the Russian line that had intrenched in the front fell back upon a scene of carnage in place of a reserve.

From that moment the attack became a chase. The Japanese force pursued twice its numbers over the ridges. Reaching a summit, Nippon Denji hugged it closely, pouring in a steady fire upon the fleeing figures under the sight of his rifle barrel. When the Russians answered it was always in volleys, usually spiteful and ragged. To fire at will (which is the only killing way, except when demoralization of a column caught within the range is sought) seems to be without the pale of the Russian private's sense of individuality and intelligence. He must fire as he marches—in a flock. (No doubt, in grand maneuvers his volleys are quite "beautiful," as the admiring princes might say.) He aims in the general direction of the enemy, with the result that he fires into the sky. When a line of Russian riflemen on one ridge are protecting the retreat of their brethren below from a line of Japanese riflemen on the next ridge, they disturb the Japanese comparatively little. And when all the pursued are either hit or under cover on the other side of the Russian ridge, the Japanese begin to advance according to their own system of tactics. Rake the ridges and then charge them is the way—the way that 15,000 men sent 25,000 back to Toman.

Following the road back, after leaving the conical hill, I saw a dead Russian lying by the same bush where I had seen one on the 4th. He was of the same regiment as the other, and the coincidence was startling. (From the valley where the slaughter of the reserves from the shell-fire had occurred we were warned away by our chaperon of the staff. Our course lay over that taken by the Russian advance line which faced the pass.) Prisoners were still being picked up in the underbrush. One Russian who had been found prostrate had been examined in vain for any wound. Yet it was with difficulty that he was got to walking. Apparently he had been scared stiff by his baptism of fire. When another unwounded man was asked how he happened to be taken prisoner he replied: "I wanted to be." When a contemptuous comment was translated to him he said: "I have no interest in this war. I don't propose to be sacrificed." Coming from Moscow, he may have read Tolstoi.

The Russians had come up in heavy marching order just as they did on the 4th. The field was scattered with pieces of equipment. To a private who lightened his load the discarded blanket or intrinsicking tool might mean the difference between supping in the Russian lines or going to Tokio as a prisoner. In one knapsack was a Jewish text. I wondered if the owner of the text, thinking of Kishineff, took any particular interest in Russian success in Manchuria. Among the pile of spoil at brigade headquarters, now so familiar a sight with this army, were three drums. Jewish texts and drums! A polyglot army of enforced loyalty against a homogeneous people with a common breath of patriotism! Drums in the advance line of a morning attack, at a period when next to the art of not being seen is that of not being heard!

In the temple were some of the Russians who had been wounded by shell-fire. Their groans mingled in a low agonizing chorus. Among them were men too stunned to know that death was near; men who were smiling to think that their wounds were light and they might smoke cigarettes and live. A giant, blue-eyed, blond-haired fellow, while he groaned, tugged at the coat-sleeve of a neighbor, who looked at him in the puzzled scowl of poor brute humanity not yet ushered out of the Middle Ages. The neighbor, indeed, had a face of such hard unintelligence as to make comprehensible the outrage proved in this day's fighting against the soldiers of that Czar who was the author of The Hague Peace Conference. Hitherto, we have heard of Russian outrages; some of them unnamable here. I had been slow to repeat these reports. Mutilation of the bodies of a brave adversary by soldiers of a supposed civilized nation seems incredible.

Among those who were sent to observe the Russian advance was Lieutenant Seina Yaganisawa and five soldiers of the 30th Regiment. They made contact with the Russian in the woods by the old temple. Two of the soldiers, Fukushima Yasasawa and Tokichi Nakasawa, were killed. The Russian line passed over the place where they fell. Afterward the Japanese recovered this ground. When the bodies of Fukushima and Tokichi were found, their heads—! and all that follows represents surgical investigation and affidavits—had been laid open by an axe or an intrenching tool, with the brain matter falling out. Tokichi had been shot through the aorta and died instantly. Fukushima had been shot through the heart and died instantly. Both these bullet wounds had bled

\* The Japanese buried over 200 dead; and the total Russian casualties were estimated at 1,500. The Japanese total was 350.

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freely. There was no blood from the brain matter, plainly indicating that the blows on the head had been struck after death. In other words, wanton, butcher-like brutality had wreaked its vengeance on the bodies. Now I must accept the unmentionable outrages (which were supposed to be exclusively Turkish and Abyssinian) as also true.

The General in charge of the Japanese division which had done this splendid morning's work—Nishi, who listens and listens and gives few worded orders—upon our return to the new temple, we found seated on a grassy slope smoking a cigarette. He had not even got up a perspiration on this hot day. His strenuousness is delegated, and that is the art of command. Some infantry reserves nearby were fanning themselves. To a Russian who had not tasted their fire these "Makaki" might have seemed quite effeminate. The fans which the little men use to cool themselves on the march are presents from the Emperor. On them is inscribed, in the handwriting of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Marquis Oyama, the words: "Do your best for your country!" On a hot day a fan may beat up a breeze in front of a soldier's nose which will save him from succumbing.

The general whom we see in paintings—the general of the old days of shock tactics—used to swing his sword and charge. The brigade commander, Okasawa, was at this time watching the fight from the conical hill. Across the space of the valley was the white tower, where no doubt the Russian general in command looked on. And by the work of the armies that lay between them you may know the two. Our Japanese generals know their ground and their men; and instead of becoming intent on any one piece they follow the game as a whole. They make generalship as simple as a good approach from the green. Not until you see the sweaty effort of wasted energy on the part of a bad player do you realize the skill of the good one. Let dashing heroes who place themselves with their point take note; let general staffs whose machine is not ready sue for peace before war begins.

Could the Russian general have seen the smiling Nishi, that undemonstrative head and front of efficiency (whose work on this day was to make him the first division commander in the war to be congratulated by the Emperor), it would have been the last blow to his humiliation. Well might the Russian complain:

"Oh! If he did not make such easy work of it!"

**Hans, the Horse that Thinks**

WHEN report first spread that a horse, "Hans," by name, was exhibiting such mental powers as hitherto have been monopolized by mankind, the story was set down as a "hot weather" or "silly season" yarn. Hans was vouched for, however, by German scientists of ponderous dignity and reputation, and the public became seriously interested. It was out of the question that German scientists should spring a hoax of this sort and sign their names to it, and it is equally impossible to imagine this remarkable equine Hans "giving a horse laugh" in face of such credentials as have made him famous the world over.

Professor Moebius, director of the Zoological Museum of Berlin, one of the foremost authorities in this field of investigation, has prepared an exhaustive treatise for the "National Zeitung," in which he affirms that Hans is a rational being whose mental processes include the capacity "to distinguish clearly impressions received by the eyes and ears, to keep them permanently in his memory, and to express them exactly." In other words this four-footed prodigy is not merely a "trained horse," whose tricks are taught him, as a dog is trained to repeat mechanically those movements impressed upon him by motives of fear or hope of reward.

Hans was, indeed, no more than a remarkably intelligent trained horse, until he began to improve upon the simple feats in which he was drilled, and displayed initiative which could be explained only on the ground of reasoning and computation. Berlin scientific circles began to investigate Hans, and in a few weeks he was the sensation of the hour. He showed ability to perform simple sums in arithmetic, expressing the answers by stamping a hoof on the ground. Before a committee of indisputable veracity, he counted up to one hundred, developed an eye for colors by watching them without mistake, and proved that he had an ear for music by showing signs of angry disapproval over discords. The committee found that Hans could spell words of one syllable, and that he added to his vocabulary with as much speed as that shown by an average child in the primary grades. In brief, Hans used his mind and his memory to learn his lessons, and then "put two and two together."

Professor Moebius capped these astonishing phenomena by declaring that he asked the horse how many sevenths, added to five-sevenths, would make a whole number. The horse stamped his foot twice. This was no mere coincidence, for Professor and Herr Director Moebius gave Hans other sums in fractions to do, and received correct answers.

The interested scientists of Berlin make no attempt to explain these events. They say that in this horse there is something beyond all precedent and transcending explanation.

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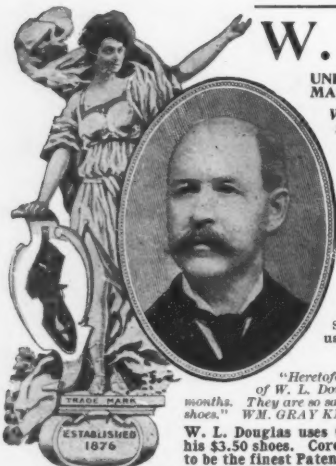
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## SLAVES OF SUCCESS

V.—A Strategic Defeat

(Continued from page 18)

She could not get rid of the idea of "retaliation," although she could not see just what influences were at work. She thought she knew, but she could not trace the connection. She was full of determination, however; she positively would not be defeated by any such trifling trick. When Mrs. Trumbull was full of determination she was capable of strikingly original and effective action, and the other women laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks when she outlined her plan.

The County Board had a meeting that afternoon. It had just been called to order when word was brought in that some ladies wished to see the President. Would they come in? No; there were a number of them, and they would consider it a favor if he would step to the door. He went, followed by various curious members, and found a group of women in the corridor, but he did not see that they cleverly concealed a nurse with a baby.

"Have you refused to accept any more foundlings from the Home for Women?" asked Mrs. Trumbull.

"Yes," he replied.

"Why?"

"Well, the county institutions are already pretty full."

"But it is the duty of the county to take charge of the waifs."

He laughed uneasily.

"Theoretically, that may be true," he admitted, "but I do not see why we should take them from such an institution as yours."

"We have very limited accommodations for babies and children," she explained. "It is a private charity that does the very best it can, but there are five times as many foundlings left there as we can possibly provide for."

"Well," he said, "if the county won't take them, I don't see what you are going to do about it."

Mrs. Trumbull turned, took the baby from the nurse and handed it to the President of the County Board. The action was so sudden that he had the little one in his arms before he realized what had happened.

"We deliver that foundling to you as the representative of the county," she said.

He tried to give it back, but every woman had her hands behind her. And the men laughed.

"Take it," he pleaded. "I don't know what to do with it."

"The county does," said Mrs. Trumbull.

"But what can I do with it now?" he argued plaintively.

"That's your affair," Mrs. Trumbull replied, and the women turned to leave.

"Wait!" he cried, following them, while his colleagues almost collapsed with laughter and the child began to cry. "Take it—only take it now, and the county will send for it."

"How about others in the future?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull.

"The county will take them all, every one," he promised. "We'll send chariots for them, if you say so."

The nurse took the baby at a sign from Mrs. Trumbull, and the women retired, but the news of their exploit traveled rapidly. Wade simply had to laugh when the story came to him, although he appreciated the gravity of the situation. He was in conference with Carroll and Hackley at the time. Hackley should have left town the night before, but he had delayed, and in consequence Mrs. Trumbull's notice in relation to the demand for a new bond had reached him. It would never do to leave now.

"It's just as well anyway," he was saying bitterly. "I've got to stay here to avoid a wreck. I tell you, less than sixty days will make me all right, but I've got to manage things myself. I've got one investment that will pull me out as soon as the deal goes through. You know what it is, Carroll, for you—"

Then it was that Higbie entered with the news.

"When it comes to strategy," commented Wade, "give me a woman every time. You're beaten, Carroll."

"How about you?" demanded Carroll.

"Oh, my skirts are clear of scandal," replied Wade. "I'm not in the bank." But he knew he was hurt in another way.

Then Hackley pulled himself together and spoke almost fiercely.

"You've got to see me through, Carroll!" he said. "You're in the bank and you're on my bond. You'll be hit politically and financially if I go down. It isn't much of an interest that you have in the bank, but the books show that you got it without the payment of a cent of cash. A new bond is out of the question just now; I have got to produce the securities, and you have got to redeem them for me."

"Have I?" fumed Carroll.

"I think you have," put in Wade.

"Then I can resign with dignity," added Hackley. "You've got the cash or can raise it, Carroll, and you know on what I rely to pay—"

"A speculation!" interrupted Carroll. "It looks good, but—"

"But you've got to take the risk," interrupted Wade. "Hackley is quite right about that."

Carroll gave Wade an angry look, but he surrendered to the inevitable and the details were settled.

"Woman in politics is an expensive luxury," he growled when the matter had been arranged.

"She is," admitted Wade; for had not Wade lost a grip on some votes just when he thought he was sure of them?

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